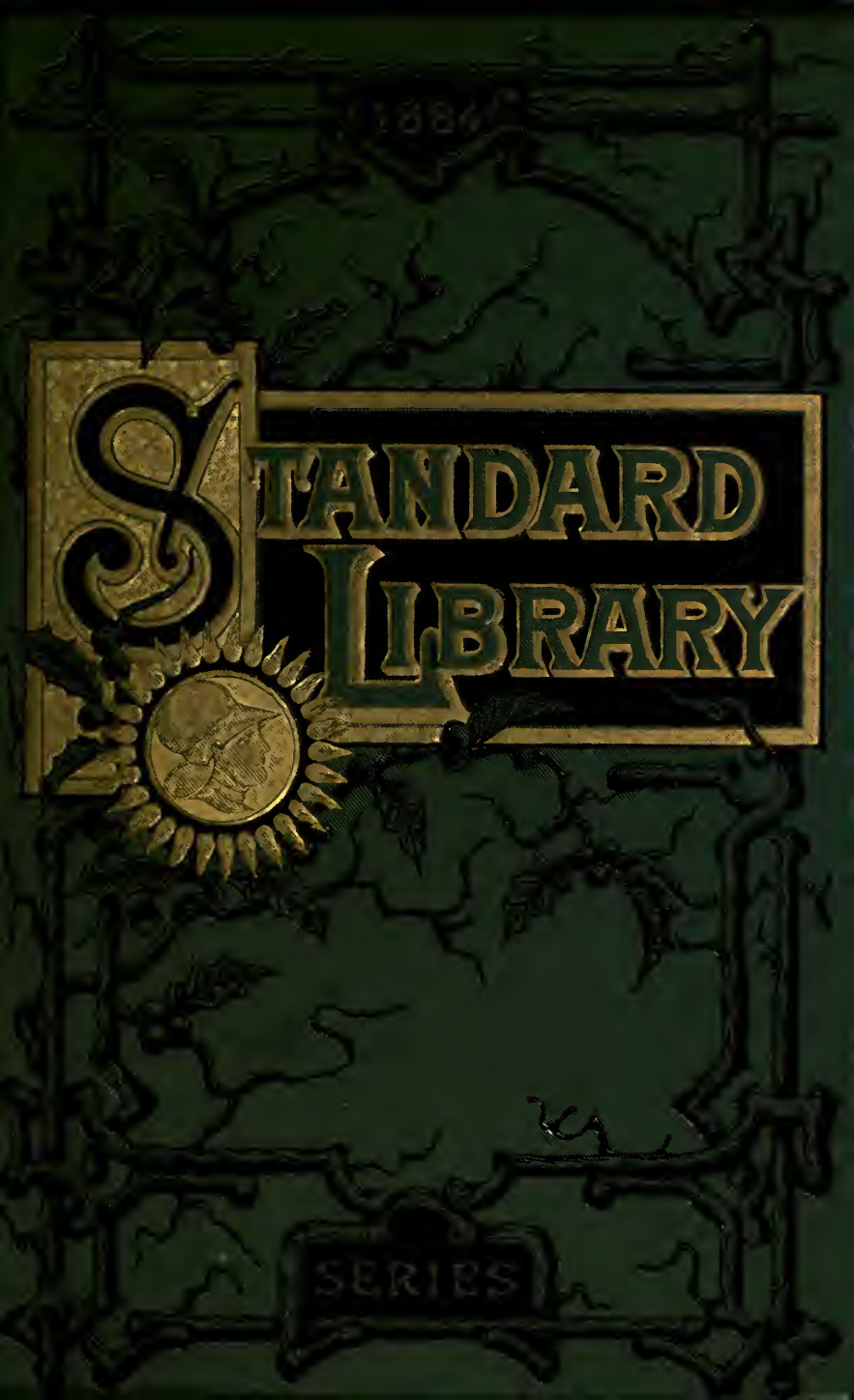
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MUMU

AND THE

DIARY OF A SUPERFLUOUS MAN

BY

IVAN GERGIYEVITCH TURGENIEFF

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN

BY

HENRY GERSONI

NEW YORK
FUNK & WAGNALLS, PUBLISHERS
10 AND 12 DEY STREET
1884

MUMU.

INTRODUCTORY.

"I FINISHED my course of studies," says Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgenieff,* "in the faculty of Philology at the University of St. Petersburg in 1837. In the spring of 1838 I went to Berlin to finish my education. I was nineteen years old at that time; I had been thinking for several years of taking such a course. I was convinced that in Russia one could acquire only some preparatory information, but that the resources of a perfect education were in foreign lands. Among all the professors at the University of St. Petersburg at that time, there was not one who could shake my resolution. They, however, had the same convictions that I had. Even the Ministers of State entertained the same opinion; Count Uvaroff, who was Chancellor of State at that time, was wont to send young men to finish their education in German universities at his own expense. I studied at Berlin for about two years. The subjects of my studies were philosophy, ancient languages, and history; I studied Hegel under Professor Berder with special zeal. In order to show how deficient the instruction was at the higher places of learning in St. Petersburg at that time, I will state the following fact: While I attended at Berlin the lectures of Professor Zumpt on Latin antiquities, and those of Professor Böck on the Greek lit-

*In the preface to his works published by Sulaeff Bros., Moscow, 1869, vol. i.

erature, I had to gnaw at my Latin and Greek grammars at home, so imperfect was my knowledge of the same. And I had not been one of the worst students at home.

"The pilgrimage of Russian youths, of my class, to foreign countries reminded one of the pilgrimage which the leaders of the ancient Slavs made to the Variags across the sea. 'Our land (I speak of the moral and mental state of the people of my country) is large and productive, but there is no order therein.' I may say of myself, that I felt very keenly all the disadvantages of an alienation from my native clime, of the tearing asunder of all the ties and connections by which I was bound to that existence in which I had grown up. . . . But I had no choice. That life, that society, that sphere —if such an expression may be used—to which I belonged, the sphere of serf-holding landowners, contained nothing that could hold me back. On the contrary, almost everything that I saw around me aroused within me a sense of annoyance, dissatisfaction, contempt. I could not long remain undecided. It was necessary either to be resigned and to walk along with the rest in the trodden paths, or to turn away at once and to push aside everything and everybody, even at the risk of losing much that was near and dear to my heart. I chose the latter alternative. I threw myself head downward into the 'German sea,'* which was to cleanse and regenerate me. When I emerged from its turbulent waves I found myself to be a 'Westerner,'† and such I always remained.

"I do not think of making reflections on those of my

*A favorite Russian expression for German education and culture. —H. G.

†A nickname for the adherents of Western civilization in contradistinction to the Panslavonians.—H. G.

contemporaries who have arrived at the same liberty, at the same knowledge as that for which I strove, by other and less schismatic means. My desire is only to state that I did not see any other way before *me*. I could not breathe the same air, I could not remain in the same environment with that which I abhorred; I probably lacked the courage, the required strength and tension of character for that. It was necessary for me to withdraw at a distance from my enemy in order to be able to charge the more forcibly against him from that distance. In my eyes that enemy had a defined form and a name—it was 'the right of serf-holding.' Under this inscription I collected and concentrated all that against which I resolved to fight to the last, with which I swore never to reconcile myself. This was my 'Hannibal's oath,' and I was not the only one who made it at that time. I went to the West in order to be enabled to fulfil it in a better manner. I do not believe, however, that my proclivities as a 'Westerner' have deprived me of all sympathy with Russian life, of all understanding of what Russia is and what she requires. . . ."

This extract from Turgenieff's writing about the sympathies and antipathies which animated him, and about the principles upon which his works were based, gives the best clew to an understanding of his labor. It is obvious that the principal figures he endeavored to bring forward on his canvas were the lowest and the highest of Russian society—the serfs and the nobles. The middle class, indeed, played but an insignificant part in Russian life. Turgenieff regarded the serf as a strong and useful laborer, endowed with an instinctive sense of morality, but living isolated from the world, and unable to speak a word in his own behalf. The classes of nobility, on the other hand, he considered as useless con-

sumers of the peasant's labor, to which they were entitled by the chance of birth ; as demoralized by affluence and laziness ; as demoralizing all that came into contact with them. He therefore heartily despised their baneful "sphere," although he was born and brought up in it.

According to this view, I have endeavored to select from his works, for translation into English, two sketches which represent the essential thoughts of the renowned author. "Mumu" and "The Diary of a Superfluous Man" seemed the best adapted for this purpose. In the former, Garassim personifies the Russian serf in his natural state. The group of the household servants of "her Ladyship," into which that gigantic figure is brought, shows what becomes of him when he is drawn into the environment of his master. "The Diary of a Superfluous Man" shows the ultimate fate of the noble classes, which are presented by the figures that cluster around the hero, from the sparkling Prince in service of the government down to the man who writes his "Diary." The readers of Turgenieff's works will find that all his novels and sketches are only variations of these two themes. The value of his other works, however, cannot be diminished by a knowledge of the principal figures which he brings forward, for his keen psychological penetration and his masterly touch upon the strings of the human heart will always awaken sympathy, no matter what the theme of his writing may be. By a skilful grouping of the two elements he had in his hands, Turgenieff always succeeded in propounding new psychological problems and in exhibiting new phases of human life. His works are poems on the human soul ; his method is a most felicitous one. He does not hold the interest of the reader by keeping him in suspense, by taking advantage of his curiosity. By a

few bold strokes he sketches the outlines of the figure that he brings forward, of the picture he is about to produce so plainly, that the reader knows forthwith what the story is going to be. Nevertheless that reader is constrained to follow the artist as the lights and shades of the picture are worked out, as the minutest details in coloring and finishing are being done. Turgenieff is therefore always interesting, always instructive.

Curiously enough, after the emancipation of the Russian serf (by an ukase of Alexander II. of February 19th, 1861), Turgenieff had not much more to say about that subject of his sympathy. He made no further efforts in behalf of the peasant, advocating means for his spiritual elevation and education, or even for the amelioration of his condition. With such things he had nothing to do; he was an artist and not a reformer; his power consisted in the perception of things that were, and not in conjecturing that which should be. In the very year of the emancipation of the serf in Russia, Turgenieff wrote his "Fathers and Sons," and brought Bazaroff the Nihilist upon the stage—"a figure that had already existed in the dim apprehension" (I use his own words) of the people. It is perhaps not generally known that Turgenieff was the author of the term "Nihilist." He bestowed this title on the hero of "Fathers and Sons" in a rather equivocal sense, as he did not know himself whether he was in sympathy with that character or not. But he represented him as he perceived him; he saw him taking his place in the social history of Russia, and could not leave that spot vacant on the canvas. Thus he invented the term *Nihilist* as a name for that which he saw in existence, but the nature of which he did not well understand. Turgenieff himself says on this sub-

ject:* "I have never tried to 'create images,' if I had no given point to start from, no idea or living subject with which I could gradually connect and mix up other elements. As I do not possess a great deal of the free inventive power, I always needed some ground upon which I could firmly stand." It seems that he did not understand the Nihilist, nor had he any great sympathy for him to the last.

In conclusion I will quote from the "History of the Russian Literature, by K. Petroff" (St. Petersburg, 1871), a paragraph in which the significance of Turgenieff in that literature is aptly sketched:

"Turgenieff may be called the principal representative and poet of that morale and that philosophy which predominated in our educated society for the last score of years. He quickly perceived the new requirements and the new ideas that were introduced into our social atmosphere, and in his works he invariably pointed, as clearly as circumstances allowed, to the question at issue which awaited its turn, and which had begun to trouble society as a dim apprehension. To this perception, to this ability of the author to respond immediately to every honorable thought and honest sentiment which had just begun to claim the recognition of the better classes of society, must be ascribed the success which has always attended Turgenieff's works. Certainly, talent was required for that, too; but talent was not the principal thing. Turgenieff's talent was not of that Titanic description which by the sole power of poetical *elan* impresses you and takes hold of you and draws you by sheer force to sympathize with a certain manifestation or idea; it is not a clamorous, powerful

*On the subject of "Fathers and Sons," by Ivan Turgenieff, vol. i. of his works, published by Sulaeff Bros., of Moscow.

appeal, but a soft poetical thoughtfulness which constitutes the principal trait of his talent. Added to this, there is the inexpressible charm of poetical description in his narratives; the delicacy of touch and depth of psychological perception in the figures and positions he describes."

I hope that these few remarks will contribute toward a better appreciation of the works and talent of my renowned countryman, whose demise the literary world deplores since September 3d, and that my effort in translating the two sketches from the original (most of Turgenieff's works, I am sorry to see, were translated into English from French or German translations, and have thereby lost a great deal in pith, pathos, and significance), which are offered in this volume, will be acceptable to the English-reading public.

HENRY GERSONI.

NEW YORK, October 26, 1883.

MUMU.

In one of the unfrequented streets of Moscow there stood a gray house adorned with white pillars, an *entre-sol*, and a balcony which was somewhat caved in by the effect of time. An aged widow lady, surrounded by a large retinue of servants and hangers-on, lived in that house. Her sons were in service at St. Petersburg ; her daughters were married out of the house. She seldom made or accepted calls. In retirement she passed the last years of her narrow and tiresome life, whose bleak, unenjoyable day had passed, and whose eve was dark and gloomy.

The most remarkable individual of that lady's household was a menial servant, Garassim by name. He was six feet and five inches high, his constitution was proportionally developed, and he was a deaf-mute from his birth. He was the property of the lady, as all her other servants were—her serf. She took him out of her village, where he had lived in a lonesome cot, isolated from his mates, and where he had been considered as one of the best serfs on socage work. Endowed with herculean strength, he could perform the labor of four ordinary men ; his work melted away, as it were, under his hands.

It was pleasant to behold him performing his task. When he was guiding the plough in the field, pressing on it with his large hands, he appeared to tear open the

yielding breast of the earth by his own efforts, without the aid of the small horse that walked in front. When in harvest time he wielded the scythe, it seemed as though a forest of young birch trees would as easily give way to his mighty sweep as did the yellow grain stalks. When he was thrashing the harvest, the heavy chain played easily and steadily under his muscular arms, and the colt-staff went up and down in regular strokes, as if impelled by its own good will. His constant silence imparted a solemn earnestness to his work.

Garassim was an excellent serf indeed. Were it not for his unfortunate defect, every girl in the village would but too willingly have lent an ear to his wooing. But the lady took him to Moscow. There he was donned in boots and in a coat in the summer, and in a sheepskin cloak in the winter time; a broom and a shovel were put into his hands, and he was constituted the menial servant of the house.

Garassim greatly disliked his new position. From childhood he was used to village life and to work in the field. Isolated from communion with his mates by his natural defect, he had grown up mute and strong, like an isolated tree in a thrifty prairie. Being translated into the city, he could not well understand what was going on with and around him—he was bewildered and shy. Thus feels a young steer which is taken from the fragrant prairie where the succulent grass grew up to its very head, and is put into a railroad car; his huge body is enveloped in clouds of steam, smoke, and sparks of fire, and he is swiftly carried along with whistling, rattling, and thundering noises. Where to? Heaven knows!

His new occupation appeared to Garassim like a child's play after the hard work to which he had been used. In a half hour he was through with his work for

the whole day. He would then either stand in the yard staring at every one that passed by him as though he inquired for a solution of the problem he could not solve, or he would fling his broom and shovel aside and lie down on his breast in some remote corner of the yard for hours and hours together, like a captured wild beast in its cage.

But a human being can become used to everything; Garassim became accustomed to city life. His duty was to keep the courtyard clean, to hitch up an old nag and bring a barrel of water twice every day, to split wood and carry it into the rooms, and to keep watch against strange intruders. These functions he fulfilled regularly and accurately. There was not a splinter of wood or an unclean spot in the yard, and there was never a want of fresh water or split wood in the house. If it happened in the rainy season that the wheels of his water-barrel stuck in the mud, one lift with his mighty shoulder was sufficient not only to start it on the road, but even to push on the old horse that drew it.

When he took to splitting wood, the axe chinked like a piece of glass with his sure and regular strokes, and chips or logs of required size fell in rapid succession under it.

As to his work as a watchman, he once caught two thieves and smote their heads one against the other so mightily, that at the police station where they were afterward taken, the authorities were unable to distinguish their features. The report of this feat soon spread in the neighborhood, and since then not only thieves but even honest individuals were afraid to intrude into the house when his colossal figure was seen at the gate.

With the other servants of the household Garassim lived not on intimate, but on brief terms, so to say; he

regarded them as—belonging to the house. They would show him by signs and gestures what was required of him, and he would understand them and promptly fulfil the orders. But he just as strictly guarded his own rights. Heaven help the person who would presume to occupy his seat at the table!

He was of a strict and serious disposition withal, and loved order in everything. Even cocks would not dare to fight in his presence; if they did, woe unto them! With one adroit sweep he would catch them one in each hand, wheel them around by their feet in the air several times, and throw them apart each into a different corner. There were also geese in the yard. But a goose, as the world well knows, is a dignified and thoughtful fowl. Garassim respected the geese and took good care of them; he was himself very much like a wild gander of the steppe.

He was lodged in a small room over the kitchen, which he appointed according to his own taste and by his own skill. He contrived for himself a bed of heavy oak boards supported by four strong blocks of wood, which could hold five tons' weight without bending under it. It was a couch for a giant. Under it stood his huge box. In the corner by the window he placed a small table of equally durable manufacture, and by the table there was a stool on three legs, of which he seemed to be particularly proud. When he was in a playful mood he would pick up that stool and throw it down again with a broad grin; thus he was pleased with its indestructibility. His room he kept locked with a padlock having the shape of a peasant's wheat-cake, only it was black. Garassim always carried the key behind his girdle; he did not like it that other people should pry into his private apartment.

A year passed after Garassim was brought to Moscow, when he met with a sort of adventure.

The old lady, his proprietress, observed the ancient aristocratic manners very accurately ; she consequently kept a large number of servants and retainers about her person. There were in her household laundresses, seamstresses, a carpenter, a tailor, a turfman, who fulfilled the duties of a veterinary surgeon and of a consulting physician for the servants. There were also a footman and grooms, a shoemaker, a house-physician for her ladyship exclusively, and a number of other domestics of various descriptions. The shoemaker, Kapiton Klimoff by name, was a hopeless drunkard. He considered himself, however, as an exceptional being, whose merits were not sufficiently appreciated, and who, by virtue of his culture, deserved to occupy a position in the residence, and not lie rotting away in a retired nest at Moscow. If he drank a little too much, he asserted with affectation, striking his breast, he did so out of grief.

Now it happened that her ladyship once spoke about this very individual to the steward of her household, whose name was Gavrilo Andreyitch, and who, to judge by his yellowish, twinkling little eyes, and by his nose, which was formed like the bill of a duck, was just created for the position he occupied. Her ladyship expressed regret at the degenerate morals of the cobbler, who had been picked up drunk in the street the day previous.

" What do you say, Gavrilo," she said suddenly, as though a new inspiration had come upon her ; " would it not be advisable to get him married ? Don't you think that this would cause him to mend his ways ?"

" Why not get him married, your ladyship ? This

could be done, your ladyship. It might be very well to do it, your ladyship," rejoined the obsequious steward.

"But who would take him?" asked the lady.

"Certainly, your ladyship. . . . And yet, if it so please your ladyship. . . . He can be good for something anyhow. In a dozen, so to speak, he may count for one, your ladyship."

"I believe that he likes Tatiana," the lady said.

Gavrilo was going to make a remark, but he pressed his lips together and said nothing.

"Yes," said the lady resolutely, taking a pinch of snuff with apparent relish; "yes, let Tatiana be wooed for him. Do you hear me?"

"All right, your ladyship," said Gavrilo, and bowed himself out of her presence, she having waved her hand as a sign of dismissal.

Having returned to his apartment, which consisted of one room in the rear aisle of the building and was crammed with iron-braced boxes, Gavrilo ordered his wife out and sat down by the window in a thoughtful mood. The unexpected order of his lady had apparently put him in jeopardy. At last he shook himself up and ordered the cobbler to be called. Kapiton Klimoff soon appeared before him.

Before we continue telling what happened in Gavrilo's room, we deem it necessary to say a few words about Tatiana, whom Kapiton was to marry, and why the lady's order had so troubled the steward.

Tatiana was employed in her ladyship's laundry; her duty was to attend to the finest linen, as she had been expressly educated for her occupation. She was a woman about twenty-eight years old, of small proportions, and very thin. She was of fair complexion, and had a mole on her left cheek. Such a mark on the left

cheek is considered in Russia as an evil omen; it prognosticates an unfortunate life ; Tatiana, indeed, could not boast of good luck. Since her childhood she was kept among the underlings ; she worked for two, and never had any kindness shown her. She was poorly clad, and received a very small stipend. Relatives she had none to speak of. One of her uncles had once occupied the position of butler at the lordly mansion, but he had been sent back to the village as unfit for that post. Her other uncles had never been around the persons of their noble proprietors. Once upon a time Tatiana was considered as a beautiful woman, but she had lost her beauty somehow. She was of a very quiet or rather very shy disposition ; very indifferent to herself and greatly afraid of others. Her only thought was to get through with her work in time. She never talked much, and trembled at the mere mention of her ladyship, although the latter had hardly ever spoken a word to her.

When Garassim was brought from the village, Tatiana nearly fainted for fright at the sight of his colossal figure. She always tried to avoid him, and when she had to pass him in the courtyard she would half close her eyes and swiftly run by him. He at first hardly noticed her, but afterward he smiled at her when he met her. Later on he began even to look after her, and at last he never took off his eyes from her. He conceived a liking for her ; whether it was for her mild features, or for her shy and timid demeanor, who can tell ?

Once Tatiana walked through the courtyard with her arm raised up cautiously, carrying a freshly starched blouse of her ladyship on the tips of her fingers. She suddenly felt her other arm in a tight grasp. She turned around ; behind her was Garassim. She almost

fainted for fright. With a broad grin on his face, and uttering a whining sound, he presented her with a honey-cake, which was shaped like a cock with gilt tail and wings. She wanted to refuse it, but he forced it into her hand and walked off, turning his head after her several times and uttering his peculiar whine, which was probably intended for some very graceful compliment.

Since that time the poor girl had no rest from him; whithersoever she went, he was by her. He often met her on the way, smiling, whining, and nodding to her. He would often pull out of his bosom a piece of gay ribbon and force it into her hand. At times he would walk ahead, sweeping the path before her with his broom. The poor girl did not know what to do and how to deport herself. Very soon all around the house knew about the tricks of the deaf-mute menial servant; smiles, hints, and derisive insinuations were poured upon the girl. But no one dared to make sport of Garassim; he liked no fun; in his presence they would not dare even to upbraid Tatiana.

Thus, whether she liked it or not, the girl found herself standing under his protection. Like all the deaf-mute persons, Garassim was very shrewd, and he understood it very well when he or his lady love was laughed at. Once at the dinner table the forewoman began throwing out remarks against Tatiana, and so annoyed her that she nearly cried. Garassim noticed this. He suddenly arose from his seat, stretched his sinewy arm across the table, and putting his hand flat on the forewoman's head he bowed it down to the table and bestowed such a threatening look on her that she nearly lost her senses. All the people at the table were terror-stricken.

"Oh, the devil! The very demon of the woods!"

exclaimed the forewoman, and ran out of the room. But he calmly resumed his seat and continued his meal as though nothing had happened.

At another time he saw Kapiton, the same fellow for whom Tatiana was now to be wooed, talking foppishly to the girl. He motioned him by with his finger, took hold of his arm, and led him out into the barn; holding his man with one hand, he picked up a pole with the other, and waved it gently in the cobbler's face, and then he let him go. After that time no one dared to upbraid or to make approaches to Tatiana, and, what is more, Garassim had no cause to regret his rudeness. It is true, the forewoman fainted in the girls' room after she had run away from the table, and she made such a fuss and with so much artifice that the rude deportment of the menial servant was on that very day reported to her ladyship. But the latter only laughed at the occurrence, and to the great annoyance of the forewoman, she made her exhibit how the mute giant had laid his hand on her head and pressed it down to the table. The next day she sent him a gift of a silver ruble.

Indeed, her ladyship was kindly disposed toward the strong and faithful Garassim. He, on the other hand, was somewhat afraid of her, but he trusted in her kind disposition. To all appearances, he prepared himself to beg her permission that he should marry Tatiana. He probably waited only until he should receive his new frock, which had been promised him by the steward, in order to appear before her ladyship in respectable attire. Unfortunately, she had conceived the notion to marry the girl to Kapiton.

It will now be understood why the steward was so troubled about the order of her ladyship. "The lady," so his thoughts ran while he sat at the window, "is cer-

tainly well disposed toward Garassim." (He knew that, and for this reason he always treated him with deference.) "But he does not possess the power of speech, anyhow. Should I not inform her ladyship that he courts the girl? But, truly, what kind of a husband would he make? On the other hand, should he, the demon—God forgive my sins!—become aware that Tatiana is to be wedded to Kapiton, he will smash up everything in the house. No explanation can be had with him, indeed. There are no means to bring this devil—the Lord forgive me!—to reason. Surely—" His reflections were interrupted by the appearance of Kapiton.

The cobbler entered the room quietly and placed himself near the door, with his arms folded on his back. He leaned against a protrusion in the wall, and foppishly put his right foot crossways before the left with an air of ease and self-assurance; he then gave a shake with his head as though he wished to express: "Here I am; what do you want of me?" but he said nothing.

Gavrilo looked at him and began drumming with his fingers on the window-sill. Kapiton winked with his little eyes, but he did not look down; he smiled slightly and passed his hand over his whitening, dishevelled hair. His manner expressed, "Well, I am I, and what are you going to do about it? What are you looking at now?"

"A nice one, indeed!" murmured Gavrilo, and made a pause. "A nice fellow you are; there is no gainsaying it."

Kapiton only shrugged his limp shoulders with an impertinent look which expressed, "You are a nicer one, I dare say;" but he said nothing.

"Just look at yourself," Gavrilo continued reproachfully. "See, what do you look like—eh?"

Kapiton leisurely passed his eyes over his tattered and dirty coat, over his patched and torn pantaloons; he dwelt for a few seconds with attention on his torn boots, especially on the one which he had so foppishly put forward, and then raising his eyes and looking his interlocutor squarely in the face, he said, "Well? what of it, sir?"

"What of it?" echoed Gavrilo. "What of it? You ask yet, What of it? Why, you look like a devil —Heaven forgive my sins!—Yes, that is what you look like!"

Kapiton half closed his eyes as though he wished to say, "Fire away, old fellow; that is your business."

"You have been drunk again!" resumed Gavrilo— "drunk again, were you not—eh? Well, answer me."

"By reason of feeble health, I have indeed yielded to the desire for spirituous drink," Kapiton rejoined with affectation.

"By reason of feeble health, forsooth!" echoed the other one. "Have you not been chastised enough? . . . There! . . . And he boasts of having been educated at St. Petersburg! Much have you learned at the residence! You don't deserve the bread you eat; that is all!"

"As to the last point you have mentioned, Gavrilo Matveyitch," the eloquent shoemaker rejoined, "there is only One to judge me, and that is the Lord Almighty Himself; no one beside Him should presume to judge me. He alone knows whether I deserve the bread that I eat, or not; He alone knows what kind of a man I am. What concerns my drunkenness again, this is surely not my fault, but that of a certain friend who has beguiled me, put notions into my head, and then left me—and I—"

"And you remained drunk in the street like a foolish gosling," Gavrilo interrupted; and continued: "Oh, you are a wayward, demoralized man! But this is not to the purpose. The thing is this: her ladyship—yes, it is the desire of her ladyship that you should marry. Do you hear me? She is of opinion that, being married, you will mend your ways. Do you understand me?"

"Why should I not understand, Gavrilo Matveyitch?"

"Well then! My opinion would be to do with you something else, to hold you more strictly—but this is her ladyship's business. Well, are you satisfied?"

Kapiton posed foppishly.

"Married life is certainly a good thing for a man, Gavrilo Matveyitch," he said. "On my part, I shall give my consent to the affair with my sincerest good will, with the greatest of pleasure."

"That man speaks with great accuracy," admiringly thought Gavrilo. Then he said aloud, "Very well. But they have selected a bride for you who is not very attractive."

"May I ask who that is, if my inquisitiveness be pardonable?"

"Tatiana," answered the steward.

"Tatiana!" echoed the cobbler, making a step forward, and sharply looking at his interlocutor.

"Why do you get excited now? Don't you like her?"

"Why should I not like her, Gavrilo Matveyitch? She is a diligent, orderly, and quiet girl. But you know it yourself, Gavrilo Matveyitch, that demon, that savage beast, is after her."

"I know that, friend; I know all about it," said the steward with an air of great annoyance, "but—"

"But, for mercy sake!" interrupted Kapiton, "he will kill me! By Heaven, he will kill me! He will just crush me like a fly! He has a fist—you know it yourself what kind of a fist he has. His arm is simply like that of Minin and Pozharsky!* He is deaf at that; he strikes, and does not hear how the blows fall; he wields his fist insensibly, like one in a dream. There is no means to call him to order. Why! you know it yourself, Gavrilo Matveyitch; he is deaf and mute, and as devoid of sense as a spot on the wall. He is a beast, a statue, worse than a statue—an asp tree. Why should I be made to suffer at his hands? Of course, I do not care for myself; I am worn out and used up; I am sleeked down like a tar-pot. But I am a man, Gavrilo Matveyitch, and not a worthless pot, after all."

"I know, I know all about it," said Gavrilo; "stop your eloquence."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the animated cobbler, "when is the unfortunate event to transpire? Luckless, downtrodden being that I am! Just think of my fate! In my young years I was beaten by my master, the German; in the best years of my life my brothers treated me with blows; now, behold what I am to have for all my services in my ripe age!"

"Stop your litany!" called Gavrilo, "dilapidated soul that you are!"

"What do I make a fuss about, Gavrilo Matvey-

* Kosma Minin was an energetic patriot of Nizhny Novogorod, who succeeded by his strong appeals in arousing his countrymen to free themselves from the Polish and Swedish pretenders to the Russian crown in the year 1612. Through his interference the Prince Dmitriy Mikhaylovitch Pozharsky was appointed leader of the Russian army, and defeated the Poles, who had besieged Moscow. In the tradition of the common people these two names figure as those of some powerful giants.—H. G.

itch ?" said Kapiton. "Indeed, I am not afraid of blows. If a gentleman should chastise me within the four walls" (referring to things which had often happened between him and his interlocutor) "and meet me with due regard before other people, I would not care ; I would be considered a man after all. But—"

"Get out of here !" cried Gavrilo.

Kapiton stalked out of the room.

"Suppose the deaf-mute fellow were not here," the steward called after the cobbler, "would you then be satisfied ?"

"I would grant my consent with the greatest pleasure," answered the cobbler, whose affectation would not desert him even in a moment of despair.

Gavrilo paced up and down in his room for some time, and then he ordered Tatiana to be called. The girl appeared. She entered the room noiselessly, and stood at the door.

"What is your pleasure, Gavrilo Matveyitch ?" she asked, timidly.

"Well, little Tatiana," the steward said, looking intently into her face, "do you wish to be married ? Her ladyship has found a husband for you."

"All right, Gavrilo Matveyitch," said the girl ; and, after a brief pause, she asked timidly, "and who may that be, if you please ?"

"Kapiton Klimoff, the shoemaker," was the answer.

"All right, sir."

"It is true, he is a wayward sort of a fellow," the steward continued, "but her ladyship relies on you to exert a good influence over him."

"All right, sir."

"There is one difficulty, however ; the deaf-mute fellow, Garassim, courts you. By what means have you

charmed that beast, I wonder? He will kill you if he becomes aware that you are to be wedded to another one, for he is not better than a beast."

"He will surely kill me, Gavrilo Matveyitch," the girl said composedly and resignedly.

"He will, eh? Will he? This remains to be seen. What do you say? He will kill you? Just consider it; has he any right to kill you?"

"I don't know, Gavrilo Matveyitch, whether he has a right or not."

"Have you ever—well, have you promised him anything?" asked the steward.

"If you please, Gavrilo Matveyitch?" asked the girl, not having understood Gavrilo's question.

"You are indeed an innocent soul! It is all right now. Go, now, my little Tatiana. I see, you are a dutiful, resigned, and submissive person."

Tatiana left the room, and leaned on the railing as she descended the stairs.

"It may yet happen," meditated the steward, "that by to-morrow her ladyship will forget all about the wedding. To what purpose, then, have I taken so much pains? That piece of mischief, Garassim—we will put him down, if anything happens. We shall place him under police arrest, if need be. Yslinya Theodorovna!" he called to his wife, "put up the tea-kettle, my most respected one, if you please."

Tatiana kept herself in the laundry the whole day. At first she cried a little, but she soon wiped away her tears and betook herself to her work.

Kapiton went to the gin shop, where he remained until late in the evening. He met there a friend, a sinister-looking individual, to whom he narrated the history of his life. He had been at the residence in the service of

a gentleman with whom he could do as he pleased ; he had been a friend of order and correct deportment ; at last he committed a little error, he took to drinking and became somewhat careless ; he had been a great favorite with ladies of all classes, who had been simply *running* after him. The sinister-looking individual only said, " Yes," to everything that Kapiton said. But when the latter at last declared that for a certain reason he should be compelled to lay hand on himself the very next day, his friend arose from his seat, muttering something to the effect that it was time to go to bed, and went off unceremoniously.

The hope of the steward, in the mean time, that her ladyship might forget about the wedding, was not realized. She was so interested in the affair that she spoke about it even at night to her maid-in-waiting, who was kept in the house for the sole purpose of keeping her company when she could not sleep, and who, like a night watchman, slept during the day. As soon as Gavrilo appeared before her the next morning with his regular report, she asked him, " Well, what about our wedding affair ? Will it go ?" He, of course, answered that it would go excellently ; that Kapiton would have the honor to appear before her that day, with his humblest regards, begging her permission that he should marry Tatiana.

As soon as she dismissed him, Gavrilo called together a council in the large servants' hall, for the affair, indeed, required mature reflection. Poor Tatiana, of course, acquiesced to all the arrangements that were made about her. But Kapiton was somewhat fractious ; he declared then and there, in the presence of the whole retinue of her ladyship, that he had only one head, and not two or three, and that he would not have that precious and only head of his broken.

Garassim looked with apprehension at all that was going on, and kept himself around the girls' apartments the whole day. He conjectured that something very unfortunate for him was taking place.

There was in the company a superannuated waiter, whom they called Uncle Khvost, and to whom every one respectfully submitted his opinion. He said : " Well, well, well, well !" with a shake of his wise head. This was all that they had ever heard from him.

It was suggested that Kapiton should be locked up in the small closet where the water-filter was stationed, just for security's sake ; and this was done. Of course, force could be used against Garassim ; but this was a precarious means ; a noise might ensue, and her ladyship, God forbid ! might be frightened.

Thus they cogitated and reflected, and determined at last upon a course of action. It had been observed that Garassim hated drunkards. Sitting at the gate, he would always turn away with disgust when an inebriate passed by him with a tottering, staggering gait, and with his hat turned the wrong way. It was resolved, therefore, upon the strength of these observations, that Tatiana should feign drunkenness before him. The poor girl was averse to playing such a trick, but she consented at last. She knew well that there was no other means to rid herself of his imposition. Kapiton was let out of his confinement, for he was to take a principal part in the transaction after all. All the members of the household stationed themselves behind the window blinds to observe what would happen. The trick succeeded, however, in the best possible manner.

Garassim was sitting at the gate thoughtfully reclining his head on his hand, which was supported by the elbow on his knee, and scratching the ground with his shovel,

which he held in the other hand. All the eyes of the servants were intent upon him from their concealed places behind the blinds and in the corners. Tatiana passed by him with a staggering gait, feigning to be drunk. As soon as he noticed her he began smiling, nodding, and uttering his peculiar friendly whine. He then looked intently at her, jumped up from his seat, and flung his shovel aside. He approached her, bowed down his colossal figure, and put his face close unto her face.

The poor girl was frightened out of her wits; she trembled in all her limbs, and could hardly keep on her feet. This heightened the semblance of drunkenness. He caught her by the arm, dragged her through the courtyard into the servants' hall, and threw her into the arms of Kapiton. She was half dead with fright. He looked at her again with a bitter smile, waved his hand at her, and walked off with a heavy step.

He kept himself in his room for the next two days. The groom Antipka observed him through a crack in the door; he saw him sitting on his bed with his head resting in both hands, and quietly shaking himself and whining, as the wagon-drivers do when they sing their pathetic songs on the road. The curious groom felt very uneasy at the sight, and quickly withdrew from behind the door.

When Garassim at last appeared again in the yard, no special change could be noticed in him; he only looked somewhat gloomier than usual, and took no notice, either of Tatiana or of Kapiton. The couple presented themselves to her ladyship with geese under their arms. She graciously gave her sanction to their marriage, and they were wedded a week afterward. On the day of their wedding Garassim did not change his deportment; only

he returned from the river without water ; his barrel had been damaged on the road. In the evening he brushed his horse so violently that he nearly grated off her skin.

All this happened in the spring time.

Another year passed away, during which Kapiton became so completely depraved that he was of no earthly use in the world. Her ladyship therefore ordered him, together with his wife, to be sent off to one of her most distant villages by a convoy. On the day of his departure he was at first quite courageous, and asserted that he would be able to get along, even if he were sent to that distant part of the earth where the washerwomen hang their clothes to dry on the rim of heaven. But when the convoy began making preparations to start, he became crestfallen, and complained of being sent away to waste his life among uncultured people. At last he completely broke down, and was so distracted that he could not even put his cap on his head. Some charitable individual put it on for him, and slapped it down lightly with the palm of his hand.

When the convoy was ready to start, the drivers holding the reins in their hands and waiting only for the word of command, "With God !" to move on, Garassim came out of his room and presented Tatiana with a red cotton handkerchief which he had bought for her a year before. The poor woman, who had encountered so many hardships resignedly and without a murmur, could not maintain her equanimity at the manifestation of such disinterested kindness. Tears began rolling down her cheeks, and before climbing up to take her seat in the wagon, she threw her tiny arms around the shoulders of the mute giant and exchanged hearty kisses with him. He accompanied her ; his intention was probably to walk along by her wagon as far as the city limits ; but

on reaching the Krimsky crossing, he waved his hand to her, and returned home along the river coast.

It was growing dark. Garassim walked slowly along, looking into the water. He suddenly noticed something struggling about in the mud right near the bank. He stooped to see what it was, and found a small dog. The creature was wet, muddy, and trembling ; it was too young and too feeble to work itself out of the sticky clay up to the bank by all its desperate efforts. Garassim took it up, and putting it into his bosom he hurried off homeward.

Arrived in his room, he put the cur on his bed and covered it with his coat. He went down to the barn for hay and made a bed for it. Then he went to the kitchen and procured a cup of milk. He carefully uncovered the dog and placed the milk before it, but the poor creature was yet too feeble to help itself. It was only about three weeks old, and one of its eyes was not quite open yet ; it did nothing but tremble and wink with its half-opened eye. Garassim cautiously took hold of its head and dipped its mouth into the milk ; it began to drink with a relish, licking and puffing about in a very droll manner. Garassim observed it with intense pleasure, and burst out laughing. The whole evening he passed with the cur, until at last he fell asleep by it with a joyous smile upon his broad countenance.

No mother takes so many pains with her child as Garassim took with the cur he had saved from drowning. At first she was ill-looking, timid, and weak, but she soon began to develop in her proportions and to straighten out in her bearing. She became playful, and, thanks to the incessant care of her master, she developed into a very fair spaniel, with a white fur, spotted yellowish on the back, with long ears, a bushy tail, and very expressive, clear eyes.

She was very devoted to Garassim ; whithersoever he went, she followed him, wagging her bushy tail. He gave her a name : he called her Mumu. Deaf-mute persons know very well that their voice attracts the notice of such as can hear. All the people in the house liked the dog and called her by the name her master had given her—Mumu. She in her turn behaved well toward everybody, but she liked only Garassim. He simply loved her beyond everything else. He did not like to see others play with her. Was he afraid that she might be hurt, or was he jealous of her affections? God alone knows.

She used to wake him in the morning by pulling at his coverlet. She learned to lead out by the bridle the old nag which was appointed for water-carrying, and with which she lived on friendly terms. With an air of importance she accompanied her master when he drove to the river for water ; she guarded his brooms and shovels, and would not allow any one to come into his room. He cut out a hole in his door for her to pass in and out, and she seemed to feel that only in his room she might have her will. As soon, therefore, as she entered it, she jumped upon the bed and stretched herself with an air of comfort and satisfaction.

By night she would not sleep at all. But she was not like other dogs, which, sitting on their hind legs and raising their snouts, bark at the twinkling stars the whole night through, merely to while away time. No ; the sharp barking of Mumu was heard only when a stranger came near the fence of the yard, or when any suspicious noise was heard around the house.

In brief, Mumu was an excellent watchdog. It is true there was an old dog in the house, with yellow hair spotted dark brown, whose name was Voltchok. But he

was never let off the chain at night, and by reason of old age he did not evince the least desire for freedom. He was lying twisted up in his kennel, from which he seldom came out, and very seldom he uttered a hoarse, sleepy barking which he would cut short in an instant, as though he felt himself the uselessness of such an effort.

Mumu never entered her ladyship's apartments. When Garassim carried wood thither, she would stop on the porch waiting for him, turning her head restlessly and pointing her ears at every noise that was made by the opening of doors.

Another year passed by, during which Garassim appeared quite satisfied with his position and life. But suddenly an unexpected occurrence subverted everything. One fine summer afternoon her ladyship was in good humor. She walked about in the parlor with her maids-in-waiting, and was pleased to laugh and to pass off jokes. The maids, too, laughed and made jokes, but their minds were not at ease. They never felt quite happy when her ladyship was in good humor. In the first place, she was very exacting when in such a mood; she required of every one around her to be in good humor, and was angry if any one looked dissatisfied. Besides this, such a whim was generally of short duration, and soon gave place to a sour and irksome disposition which caused great trouble. On that morning her ladyship awoke in a happy moment. Laying out her cards (as she was wont to do regularly every morning), she found the prognostication that her wishes would be fulfilled. At breakfast her tea tasted very good, and she bestowed praises on her waiting-maid, and gave her a grivenik (ten kopecks) in cash. With a pleasant smile on her withered lips she promenaded through the parlors

and looked out through the window. There was a palisade laid out before that window, on the central elevation in which Mumu was lying under a rose-bush, gnawing a bone. Her ladyship's eye alighted on the dog.

"Gracious Heaven!" she called out, "what dog is that there?"

The maid-in-waiting to whom she addressed herself became confused with that discomfiture which generally befalls a subordinate when his superior asks him something, and he does not know in what sense the question is put.

"I—I—do—not—know," she stammered. "I believe that it belongs to the deaf-mute menial, your ladyship."

"What a lovely creature that is!" cried the lady. "Order it to be brought here. Is it long since he has had it? Why have I not seen it before? Order it to be brought here immediately."

"Hey, there, Stepan!" the maids called in concert to the groom. "Bring Mumu here. Quick! She is in the palisade. Be quick!"

"Ah!" said the lady, "her name is Mumu! What a beautiful name that is!"

"Ah!" said the maids, "most exquisite, indeed! Be quick, Stepan! Do you hear?"

Stepan was off on his errand. He tried to catch Mumu, but she adroitly avoided him and ran to her master. Garassim was at that time in the kitchen cleaning a big barrel which two men could hardly manage, but which he handled as easily as a toy-drum. Stepan ran into the kitchen to catch Mumu. She avoided him, running about between her master's legs. Garassim, leaving his barrel, stood up in his colossal height and looked at the

chase with a broad grin. At last the groom gave up the chase and appealed to Garassim, explaining by gestures that her ladyship wished the dog to be brought to her. Garassim appeared astonished, but he called the dog, picked her up and handed her to the groom.

Stepan took her to the parlor and placed her on the floor. Her ladyship began calling her with a voice as sweet as she could make it. Mumu, who had never seen the inside of such a large and gorgeous room, was shy and turned quickly to the door, but the groom chased her back. There the poor dog stood close to the wall, trembling in all her limbs.

"Mumu, Mumu, come to me; come to your mistress," called her ladyship. "Come, little fool; don't be afraid."

"Come, come, Mumu," called the maids-in-waiting in concert. "Come to her ladyship, you little fool; don't be afraid."

But the dog looked about with anxiety, and did not move from her place.

"Bring her something to eat," said the lady. "How foolish she is; she won't come to her mistress! I wonder what she is afraid of."

"They are not yet accustomed to the surroundings," suggested one of the maids timidly, speaking of the dog in the plural out of respect, you know, for she was now the subject of interest to her ladyship.

Stepan brought a cup of milk and placed it before Mumu, but she would not even turn to it, and continued looking about her with anxiety.

"Oh, what a foolish creature you are!" said the lady, coming near to the dog and trying to pat her. Mumu showed her teeth, and her ladyship quickly withdrew her hand.

A pause ensued. Mumu uttered a feeble whining, as if trying to complain or begging to be pardoned. The lady turned away from her with a dark brow; the quick motion of the dog had frightened her.

"Oh! oh!" cried the maids in concert. "Did she not bite your ladyship! God forbid!" (Mumu had never bitten anybody, and they knew it.) "Oh! oh!"

"Take her away!" ordered her ladyship. "What a nasty, vicious dog that is!" She turned around and repaired to her private chamber.

The maids exchanged anxious looks and made show to follow her. She stopped, bestowed a chilling glance at them, and saying, "What for? I have not called you," she went off. The agitated maids waved their hands to Stepan; he caught Mumu and threw her out right at the feet of Garassim. The lady sat in her private apartment, looking more dismal than the most dismal storm-clouds.

Just think of it, how the most insignificant occurrence may sometimes affect the disposition of a human being!

Her ladyship was in bad humor, and did not speak to anybody the whole day; she did not play cards in the evening, and she did not rest well at night. She imagined that the *eau-de-Cologne* which was handed her was not of the same quality as she was accustomed to have; that her pillow-covers smelled with soap; and ordered her mistress of the wardrobe to smell at every piece of linen on and about her. In brief, she was as fretful and as troublesome as she could be. As soon as she opened her eyes the next morning she ordered the steward to be called.

"Tell me, please," she began, as soon as he appeared, "what kind of a dog is there in the yard? He barked the whole night and disturbed and annoyed me."

"A dog, your ladyship? What dog, your ladyship? Perhaps the one belonging to the deaf-mute, your ladyship?" the steward said with a trembling voice.

"I don't know," she said petulantly, "whether it belongs to the deaf-mute or to any other person. She disturbed me—that is all. I wonder why we need so many dogs around the house. Is there no regular watchdog here?"

"Of course, your ladyship. There is Voltchok, your ladyship."

"Well, then, what do we need more dogs for? There is only disorder in the house, that is all. There is no master in the house, and people take all sorts of liberties. Why does the deaf-mute need a dog? Who gave him the permission to keep one? Just yesterday I noticed how she brought some nasty thing into the palisade and gnawed at it right there where my roses are planted." She paused a few seconds, and then said: "Put her out this very day; do you hear me?"

"All right, your ladyship."

"This very day, I say! Now go. I shall call for your report later on." Gavrilo went out.

Passing through the parlors he made himself busy replacing the call-bell from one table to another; at the door he blew his flat nose with a subdued noise, and passed on to the vestibule. There the groom Stepan was lying asleep on the bench, forming a figure like that of a dead warrior on the battle-field, as represented in a picture; his naked feet were stiffly stretched out from under his coat, which he used as a coverlet. Gavrilo shook him up, and gave him some orders in a hushed voice, to which he responded with half of a laugh and half of a yawn. He quickly put on his boots and coat and placed himself on the porch outside.

A few moments later Garassim appeared with a large load of wood on his arms. He was accompanied by Mumu, as usual. It was her ladyship's habit to have her chamber and dormitory heated a little, even in summer time. Garassim pressed with his elbow on the knob, thus turning it, and opened the door by pushing it with his shoulder. Mumu stopped on the porch, waiting for him, as she always did. This opportunity the groom seized to catch her. He threw himself upon her, as a vulture on its prey, pressed her flat to the ground, caught her up and carried her off in a hurry, not even taking time to put on his cap.

He jumped with his prize into the first droshka that came by him in the street, and drove off to the Okhotniy Ryad (hunter's market). There he sold her for a poltinnik (half a ruble) on the condition that the purchaser should keep her tied for one week at least. He immediately returned home in the same droshka, but he alighted at a small distance from the house. Nor did he dare to enter the house by the gate, for fear that he might meet Garassim ; he went around through the alley and climbed over the back fence into the yard.

But his fear was gratuitous. Garassim was not in the house. As soon as he had deposited his wood and come out of her ladyship's apartments, he missed his dog. It was the first time since he had had her that he failed to find her waiting for him. He ran about looking for her. He first ran to his room, then to the stables and to the barn, calling her with his peculiar whine, "Mumu, Mumu !" but in vain ; she did not appear.

Whomsoever he met, he stopped, inquiring for her by gesticulation ; he depicted her by putting his hand flatly stretched at about a half yard from the ground,

and drawing the outlines of her form with his finger in the air, while he vivaciously imitated her motions and barking. Some, indeed, knew what had become of Mumu, but no one would inform him about it. They only smiled sadly and shrugged their shoulders in answer to his anxious inquiries. When he accosted the steward with his gesticulation, the latter assumed a dignified air and began scolding the hostler. Garassim then ran out into the street in search of his dog.

It was evening when he returned home. By his tired look, his sluggish gait, and by the dust that covered him from head to foot, it could be conjectured that he had run through the whole city, looking for Mumu. There were several persons of the household on the porch when he returned. He turned to them and whined, "Mumu," but they could not answer him. He looked at the windows of her ladyship's apartment, whined again, and walked off to his room. They looked after him, but no one made a remark, no one smiled even. The inquisitive groom, Antipka, reported the next day that he had watched him lying awake the whole night through, turning about on his couch and heaving deep sighs.

Garassim did not leave his room the next day, and the hostler, Antipka, was obliged to bring water from the river, of which he bitterly complained. Her ladyship asked the steward whether her orders had been fulfilled, and he answered in the affirmative.

On the following day Garassim went about his work as usual, but he recognized no one either in the yard or at the table. His countenance, at other times so placid and motionless, appeared now like a piece of marble. After dinner he left the house again, but he soon returned and laid himself down on a rick of hay in the barn.

Night came, a beautiful, calm, moonlit night. Garassim was still lying in the hay, restlessly turning on all sides and sighing. Suddenly he felt something pulling him by his coat. A tremor passed through him; he suppressed his breathing and closed his eyes. There was another and stronger pull. He jumped up; before him was Mumu with a piece of rope about her neck. She tried to leap on him. A cry of intense rejoicing issued from his mute breast; he caught up his dog and pressed her to his bosom. She licked about his face, his lips, his beard. He stopped to reflect for a minute, alighted from the hay-rick, and put out his head to look about in the yard. Convinced that nobody was there, he cautiously repaired to his room and happily arrived there without being observed. He had conjectured that Mumu had not been lost by mere chance. The rope on her neck confirmed his suspicion that she had been carried away by the order of her ladyship, as the people around the house had showed him that she had snapped at her. He therefore resolved now to take good care of her in the future.

Arrived at his room, he bolted the door, fed and caressed her, and laid her down to sleep. Stretching himself on his couch, he lay awake the whole night, revolving in his mind by what means he could conceal his dog in the best possible manner. At last he resolved to keep her locked up in his room; he would look after her twice or three times during the day, and take her out at night, when all were asleep, to give her an airing. He tightly tucked up the hole which he had cut out for her in the door, and early in the morning he came out of his room trying to look as unconcerned as though nothing had happened. He even tried to look down-hearted, as if he still missed his pet. Poor, innocent artifice! It

never occurred to him that the dog would betray herself by her whining.

Indeed, all the people around the house knew the same morning that Mumu had come back, and that she was locked up in Garassim's room. But out of pity to him and to the dog, partly also out of fear for him, they did not show that they had found out his secret. The steward, on hearing the news, made a wry face; he scratched the back of his head thoughtfully and waved his hand. "Well, let him be, in Heaven's name! It may be that her ladyship will not hear of it."

No one worked more diligently around the house than Garassim did on that day. He cleaned out the yard in all corners; he weeded out every blade of grass that sprang up between the stones of the pavement; he reset every spike around the palisade to convince himself that there were no rotten ones among them. In brief, he displayed so much ardor and thoughtful care, that even her ladyship noticed his efforts with pleasure. During the day he stole into his room several times to look after Mumu, and early in the evening he went to bed with his pet in his arms.

About two hours after midnight he arose and went out in the yard to give Mumu a little exercise. He walked about with her for about an hour, and was already on the point of retiring again, when behind the fence in the rear alley a sifting noise was heard. Mumu ran up to the fence sniffling and pointing her ears, and pealed out a sharp, protracted barking. Some drunken person had disposed himself to pass the night in the alley.

This happened just at the moment when her ladyship was falling asleep after a repeated "nervous spell." She was wont to have such spells very often after she had in-

dulged herself with *too strong a supper*. The sudden barking of Mumu startled her ; she was frightened.

" Girls ! girls !" she called in a plaintive voice. The affrighted girls came in all haste. " Oh ! oh ! girls, I am dying !" her ladyship moaned, and stretched her arms imploringly. " Again, again that dog ! Oh, send for the doctor !"

She threw her head back, which was to indicate a swoon. Some of the girls ran to fetch the house physician, Kariton. The whole science of that physician consisted in wearing very light shoes, and in the ability to feel the pulse gently. His occupation was sleeping fourteen hours in the day, sighing wistfully the rest of the time, and treating her ladyship with " soothing balsam."

He immediately appeared at her ladyship's bedside and scorched some feathers under her nose. This was his usual relief for a swoon. She opened her eyes and stretched her hand for the glass of the coveted medicine, which was held in readiness on a salver. Hereupon she began complaining of the dog in a tearful voice ; she complained of the steward, of her sad fate, that nobody cared for her, the old, forlorn and forsaken woman ; that everybody wished that she should die.

Unfortunate Mumu, in the mean time, continued barking, while Garassim tried to draw her away from the fence.

" There, there again !" moaned the lady, and turned up her eyes with a look of despair. The physician whispered something to the senior maid-in-waiting. She ran out and shook up the groom. The groom ran off to wake up the steward. The bewildered steward ordered to rouse the whole household.

As soon as Garassim noticed lights and figures moving

about in the windows, he felt that there was some mischief brewing. He caught his dog, ran off to his room with her, and bolted the door.

A few minutes later five fellows tried to force themselves into his room, but the strong bolt resisted their efforts, and they stopped. Gavrilo came to the scene of action in all haste, and ordered the five men to stand on the watch before Garassim's room until the morning. He then sent word to her ladyship by the senior maid-in-waiting (with whom he was accustomed to steal in partnership and to falsify the accounts of tea, spices, and other household articles) that the dog had unfortunately returned from the place she had been taken to, but by to-morrow she would be alive no longer; may her ladyship be pleased to forgive, and calm herself.

The lady would perhaps not have calmed herself so soon but for a mistake of the physician; in his hurry to afford relief, he administered to her forty instead of fifteen drops of the "soothing balsam." The power of the drug showed its effect; her ladyship was fast asleep in fifteen minutes.

Poor Garassim was lying on his couch as white as chalk, pressing his Mumu to his heaving breast.

Her ladyship woke up quite late in the morning. Gavrilo was waiting in the vestibule in order to report the state of affairs and to get her orders for a decided onslaught on Garassim's stronghold. He at the same time prepared himself to stand a severe chiding. But the chiding did not come; he was not called to see her ladyship in person. Lying in bed, she called her senior maid-in-waiting, and began thus in a feeble, plaintive voice:

"My dear Liubov Liubimovna" (such was the full name of the maid) "you see in what a state of health I

am. Go, my dear, to Gavrilo Matveyitch, and speak to him. Is some nasty dog dearer to him than the rest, the very life, of his mistress? I cannot believe that!" Here she sighed deeply. "Go, if you please, and speak to Gavrilo Matveyitch, my dear." Her ladyship sometimes liked to assume the rôle of a martyr. Her exquisite politeness and tearfulness in such instances made the whole household feel uneasy.

The maid-in-waiting went to speak to Gavrilo. It did not transpire what the two worthies said to each other; but a half hour after the consultation a whole crowd of men marched in formidable array through the courtyard and repaired toward Garassim's stronghold.

Gavrilo, of course, marched in front. He held his hand to his cap, although there was no wind which might carry off that useful part of his outfit. He was followed by all the grooms, hostlers, cooks, and menial servants of the household. Uncle Khvost looked out of his window and gave orders, *i.e.* he was beating the air with his hands in all possible directions. Behind the belligerent crowd ran a number of ragged children, some of whom were strangers from the street. On the narrow staircase leading to Garassim's room there stood the five watchmen with their sticks: two on the lowest stoop, one on the stairs, and two more right by the door. The troop of assailants came on and crowded the staircase from top to foot. Gavrilo knocked with his stick at the door.

"Open!" he commanded in stentorian tones.

Mumu's muffled barking was heard inside, but no answer came.

"Open, I say, forthwith!" he commanded again, knocking with his stick at the door.

"Is he not deaf, Gavrilo? How can you expect him

to hear you ?" called the groom from the foot of the stairs.

The whole crowd laughed.

" What is to be done now ?" said Gavrilo, scratching his head.

" There is a hole in his door," called Stepan again. " Put your stick through it and dabble about inside."

Gavrilo stooped to see the hole.

" He has stopped it up with an old coat," he said.

" Push the coat inside with your stick," suggested the groom.

Here again the muffled barking of Mumu was heard.

" Hush, hush ! How she betrays herself !" some one remarked in the crowd. They all laughed. Gavrilo thoughtfully scratched himself behind his ear.

" No, friend !" he said ; " if you want to have the coat pushed in, go and do it yourself."

" Why not ? I shall do it."

Stepan elbowed his way up-stairs. He pushed the coat in and dabbled about with his stick, calling, " Come out, come out !" While he was thus courageously at work, the door opened, and in it appeared the colossal figure of Garassim. The whole crowd threw itself back pell-mell down-stairs, Gavrilo ahead of them all. Uncle Khvost quickly closed his window.

" Ta-ta-ta," called Gavrilo from his retreat. " Look sharp, my dear fellow, look out !"

Garassim stood like a pillar in the door. His stalwart figure erect, his right arm lightly curved with his hand leaning on his thigh, dressed in his red cambric blouse in peasant's fashion, he appeared like a veritable giant against the crowd of emasculated little fellows beneath the stairs who were dressed in their German frocks. Gavrilo at last took courage and made a step forward.

"Look out, my dear fellow!" he said to Garassim, as though he could hear what he said. "You will play no mischief with me, I tell you!"

Hereupon he showed him with gestures that her ladyship required him to give up the dog; there would be trouble if he would not comply. Garassim pointed to Mumu, passed his hands over his throat as if tightening a rope around it, and looked inquiringly at the steward.

"Yes, yes," gesticulated Gavrilo. "Positively so; she must be choked."

Garassim looked down for a few seconds, but he soon straightened himself, and pointing to Mumu, who stood by him wagging her tail and looking inquisitively with her expressive, clear eyes, he repeated the gesture of choking, and struck himself in the breast, thus asserting that he would do it himself. All understood what he meant.

"But you will deceive us!" gesticulated Gavrilo.

Garassim bestowed a contemptuous look on the steward, struck himself in his breast again, and entered his room, closing his door with a bang.

All were silent, and exchanged glances.

"What does this mean?" began Gavrilo. "He locked himself up again."

"Let him be, Gavrilo Andreyitch," said Stepan. "He will fulfil his promise. He is just that kind of a fellow; if he promises to do a thing, he will do it. The truth must be acknowledged; in this regard he is quite different from what we are. Yes, just so!"

"Just so! Just so!" echoed the crowd, wisely shaking their heads.

Uncle Khvost opened his window and reiterated, "Just so!"

"Well, for my part," said Gavrilo, "let us see. But

watch shall be kept at his door. I say, Eroshka," he called to an unkempt individual who was dressed in a yellow cotton jacket, and was considered the gardener of the establishment, "You have nothing to do now. Take a stick and mount guard here. The least thing you notice, come and report to me."

Eroshka took a stick and sat down on the lowest step of the staircase. The crowd dispersed, with the exception of a few curious boys, who remained hanging about the scene of action. Gavrilo sent word to her ladyship that everything was in order; but to provide for emergencies he sent the chief groom to the runner, ordering the latter to hold himself ready for service. Her ladyship, on receiving the report from her senior maid-in-waiting, made a little knot in her handkerchief, dipped it in *eau-de-Cologne*, and smelled at it and rubbed her temples. She then drank a few cups of tea with relish, and, as the effect of the "soothing balsam" was not yet passed, she soon fell asleep again.

About two hours after the siege, Garassim came out of his room. He was dressed in his holiday suit, and led his Mumu by a string. Eroshka made room for him to pass. He went straight through the yard, holding his cap in his hand. Gavrilo ordered Eroshka to follow him at a distance, observing what he would do. Garassim did not put on his cap until he had passed through the gate. He entered a restaurant where he was known and his gesticulations were understood, and ordered a strong soup with meat. He sat down by a table waiting, with his head reclined on his hand. Mumu stood by him, watching him with her clever, bright eyes. She looked clean, her fur was glossy, as if she had just been washed and combed. The meal was served. Garassim carefully cut the meat into small pieces, and putting it

into the soup he placed it on the floor for Mumu. He watched her while she daintily partook of the meal, and two heavy tears fell from his eyes. One fell upon the head of the dog, the other one into her plate. He covered his face with both hands.

Mumu ate about half of the meal and went aside, licking her snout with a relish. Garassim arose, paid for the meal, and left the room. The waiter looked after him with silent amazement. As soon as Eroshka, who had stopped outside to watch for him, saw him come, he jumped aside and hid himself behind the corner. When he had passed, leading Mumu by the string, Eroshka emerged from his hiding-place and followed him again.

Garassim walked slowly and thoughtfully some distance ; then he stopped for a few seconds, as if trying to recollect something. Hereupon he quickly turned around the corner and marched in long strides as far as the Krimsky Broda, and took his road by the river side. He entered a courtyard where he saw bricks lying about, and took two of them, which he carried off under his arm.

He walked on until he reached a bridge, where he had noticed, on a previous occasion, two boats with heavy oars lying in the river tied to a pole. He jumped into one of the boats with Mumu, and having loosened it he laid hold of the oars. An old little man with a short leg came out of a shanty which stood in the corner of a yard near by, and began speaking angrily to him. He nodded, and began rowing so mightily that, notwithstanding he took his course against the stream, in a few moments he was a couple of hundred yards away. The little man looked on, scratched the back of his head first with his right hand, then with his left, then with both hands together ; then he turned around and went limping back to his shanty.

Garassim rowed on and on. The city was left behind ; along the coast there appeared gardens, meadows, cornfields, and young forests. Scattered peasants' cots were seen. The fragrant village air was wafted from the shore. He let the oars hang, and bent himself over Mumu, who stood by him on the dry seat. The boat was full of water at the bottom.

With his mighty arms thrown about the dog and his head reclining on her head, he remained motionless for some time, while the boat was slowly carried by the stream back toward the city. At last he straightened himself out, and quickly, but with an expression of intense suffering on his countenance, he tied his two bricks to the other end of the string by which Mumu was tied, and making a noose, he threw it around the dog's neck and raised Mumu and the bricks above the water. Mumu looked at him without fear and caressingly wagged her tail.

He turned his head aside, closed his eyes with a distressing contortion of his features, and dropped the dog with the bricks. He did not hear the abrupt cry of Mumu, nor the splash of the bricks falling into the water. Was not the noisiest day more silent for him than the most silent night for us ?

When he reopened his eyes, the little wavelets of the river chased one another in their usual way ; they splashed around his boat as they did before. But far behind him the surface of the river was rippled in an unusual manner by large circles, which grew fainter as they grew larger.

As soon as Garassim had rowed off on the river, Eroshka went home and reported all that he had seen.

" Well, it is all right," hereupon remarked Stepan. " He will drown her. We may depend on that, since he has promised."

Garassim was not seen in the house the whole day. His seat remained unoccupied at the dinner table. Evening came. The whole household assembled in the large servants' hall for supper, but Garassim was not in their midst.

"What a peculiar fellow that Garassim is!" remarked a stout laundress in a squeaking voice. "How can a man worry himself so much about a dog?"

"He was here," said Stepan, helping himself to soup.

"When? When?" asked all in concert.

"About two hours ago, sure. I saw him come and leave the house again. I met him at the gate, and wanted to ask him what he had done with Mumu; but he seemed to be in bad humor. Well, he pushed me aside, by which he probably meant to imply that I should not bother him. But he treated me to a wonderful crack on the neck! Oi-oi-oi! I tell you!" Here he rubbed his neck, contorting his features as if he were in pain. "He has a blessed little fist, that Garassim has, indeed!"

They all laughed at Stepan's recital and grimace; after supper they dispersed.

In the mean time a gigantic figure with a bundle on the shoulder and a strong stick in the hand was marching on the T—— high-road with evident determination and self-assurance. This was Garassim. He made long strides toward his old home, his village, his native place. Having drowned Mumu, he ran back to his room, quickly gathered up his few things, which he tied in a bundle, and went off. He knew the way to his village, having taken good notice of all that his eyes had met when he was taken to Moscow. That village was situated only about twenty-five versts from the high-road.

He now strode onward on that road with desperate determination, mingled with a sense of pleasure. He marched quickly, as if his old mother were waiting for him, as if she had called him back home after he had lingered for many years in a strange land among strangers.

A calm, moonlit summer night was coming on. To his right, where the sun had just gone down, the horizon was white, interlaced with reddish stripes; to his left the bluish-dark mist of the evening was rising. He marched on. The night passed away. Thousands of quails sang noisily around him; thousands of snipes chirped their loudest, as if trying to outdo each other. Garassim could not hear them, as he had not heard the soft and mysterious lisping of the trees by which his sinewy legs had carried him during the night. But he perceived the familiar fragrance of the ripening rye wafted to him from the fields. He could feel the friendly air, the air of his native place, blowing in his large face and playing in the long tresses of his sandy colored loose hair, as if coming to meet him with friendly greetings. He could see the whitening road stretched in a straight line before him, the road which led homeward. He could see the myriads of stars which twinkled above him during the night, waning away one by one in the gray mist of the morning. Like a mighty lion he moved on, with bold and easy strides. When the rising sun touched his glowing countenance with its first rays, he was at a distance of thirty-five versts from Moscow.

In two days Garassim arrived home and entered his cottage. A soldier's widow, who had been allowed to occupy the cottage, was astonished to see him enter. He bowed himself before the holy image, and made the sign of the cross over his breast as soon as he entered the

place, and went out forthwith to show himself to the foreman of the village. The latter was also astonished to see him. But the hay-harvest had just begun, and a worker like Garassim was not unwelcome. A scythe was soon given him, and he went to work harvesting as he was wont to do in olden times. And he worked with a will, so that the other socage laborers felt a tremor pass through them at seeing the mighty sweep of his scythe and the powerful clutch of his hand.

The day after Garassim left Moscow, he was missed at the house. Two of the underlings went to his room, and having found it open and unoccupied, reported the deaf-mute's absence to Gavrilo. The steward shrugged his shoulders, scratched the back of his head, and concluded that Garassim had either drowned himself together with his dog, or had run away. He sent word to the police headquarters that such a serf was missing, and went to report the affair to her ladyship.

Her ladyship was kindled with anger; she cried, scolded, threatened, and fainted by turns; she protested that she had never ordered to destroy the dog. And finally she gave the steward such a chiding, that he went about the whole day scratching his head and muttering, "Well, well!" Only toward evening Uncle Khvost succeeded in reassuring him, by saying, "Well, well, well!"

Four days later the information came from the village that Garassim had safely returned thither. Her ladyship calmed herself a little. She gave orders that he should be sent back to Moscow forthwith; but after a moment's reflection she revoked the order, saying that she had no need of such an ungrateful servant about her house.

She died, however, soon afterward, and her heirs took

no special interest in Garassim ; they allowed all the serfs that had served in their " dear mother's" household to go free in consideration of an annual head-tax.

And Garassim lives still isolated in his lonely cottage. He is as healthy and as strong as he ever was, and performs the work of four ordinary men, as he did before. He is imposing in appearance, strict and orderly in deportment. His neighbors have noticed that since he returned from Moscow he never has paid any attention to women, and has kept no dog.

" It is well for him," they often remark, " that he is spared the annoyance of having a woman troubling him. As to a dog—of what use would be a dog to him ? No thief will come to his cottage if he be dragged thither by a pair of oxen."

Thus the story is told about the gigantic and powerful deaf-mute serf.

END.

DIARY OF A SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

INTRODUCTORY.

"The Diary of a Superfluous Man," by Ivan Turgenieff, was published for the first time in a Russian quarterly journal in 1850. Turgenieff was at that time not so well known in the literary world as he is at the present time. His stories were frequently passed over with indifference, even by his countrymen. I would not know "The Diary," etc., much less would I take the trouble of translating it into another language, were it not for the peculiar circumstances which brought it to my cognizance.

In the year 1856 I had to spend a few days in Vilkomir, a corporate town in the district of Vilna. That place was very dull for me, as I had never been in any smaller city than Vilna, my native town. It lacked also the attractiveness of a rural place, for it had the pretensions of a business city, and the noise and bustle in the streets made one forget nature and all its attractions. I had no books to read, and no congenial company to spend my time with. At last I was requested by a lawyer to revise for him some documents which he had drawn up. Lawyers are not always good grammarians, in Russia or elsewhere. When I was through with his manuscripts, I asked him whether he had any books to read beside those of legal contents. "Any book will do—a novel will do—only give me something to refresh my mind, or I will die of *ennui*." He had

none except a few old journals mouldering under his case. Even these were welcome. I took out the dusty papers, and discovered among them the pamphlet in which "The Diary of a Superfluous Man" was published. The inscription attracted my attention, and having read two or three pages, I became so absorbed in its contents that I did not lay the book aside until I had finished it.

As this was the only literary article which suited my taste at Vilkomir, I pondered on it the rest of the time I had to spend in that city. The more I reflected on the story of "The Superfluous Man," the better I found it. To tell the truth, I would not be able to name a story which had made more impression on me than this one; and I have read a good many productions of this kind, and in more than one language. The smallest thing is turned into a matter of importance, when our imagination knits its web around it. I have translated this sketch into German for a lady friend; into Hebrew for a colleague, who I thought might be benefited by it; and into English for exercise. Some of my friends, to whom I have read the English translation, considered it of sufficient interest to have it published. But being doubtful of the merits of the translation, I had not the courage to lay it before the general reader, and had it published in periodicals of small circulation—in the *American Israelite* first, and afterward in the *Sunny South*. Offering it now to the general public in book form, in a revised and corrected state, I cannot let the opportunity pass without requesting the kind notice of the story, not on account of its merits in the English garb, but as a sample of the keen psychological penetration of my illustrious countryman, the author.

The character of Chulkaturin (the hero of the plot) is

indigenous to Russia. The marked distinctions between the different classes of society before the laws and customs of the country, generate and rear such "superfluous men." A gentleman of noble lineal descent (*Dvorianin*) has, by virtue of his social station, no other career open before him but that of official service. The children of that favored class of citizens are raised in such a manner as to become unfit for either mechanical or commercial pursuits in life. The nobility of their ancestors and the records of their pedigrees and coats-of-arms are the cradle songs of such children, which impress them with a sense of superiority over the rest of mankind. If the noble parents are rich and can give their children a good education, and if they have social connections of influence to further those children on their subsequent career, either in military or civil service, success is insured to a certain degree. You can find in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other large Russian cities, noblemen who are very well educated, and can compare favorably with the enlightened classes of other countries; but these are only the happy exceptions to the rule.

The majority of nobles in the smaller towns and villages cannot afford to give their children a liberal education; nor have they such social connections as to send them out into the world under good auspices, that they may acquire those brilliant social qualities which are necessary for the aristocratic class. But they are nobles anyhow. The members of their caste will forgive them for any means they may employ to eke out an existence, except such means as are used by the lower classes of society. Sponging on others is excusable for a noble; official corruption is nothing out of order; even gambling is pardonable; but working at the mechanic's bench or engaging in commercial enterprises sets him

immediately on a par with the *mies'chanin*, or townsman, who belongs to the lower class of society, and excludes him from the class of nobles. Their children are raised with these mistaken notions of superiority, with a disdain for anything which is not popular with their caste, but without the necessary outfit of knowledge and social qualities to maintain them in any honorable position. What such a class of citizens may become for society can be easily imagined ; and if they lack the courage to do evil, and they have not the energy to make headway for themselves in any wise, they must necessarily become "superfluous men."

The superficial education they have, combined with a sense of bitterness which disappointed hopes will impart, causes them to become what the hero of this story is—cynics, remorseless satirists, despondent, dissatisfied and isolated caricaturists. A consciousness of his own unworthiness and uselessness gnaws at his life, and the "Superfluous Man" lives and dies a miserable creature indeed. In this wise the spirit of equality avenges itself on those who make of themselves exceptions of the rest of mankind. The "Superfluous Man" is of a noble birth and parentage !

The "Superfluous Man" looks at the world out of himself, and judges it according to his own thoughts and emotions, instead of looking into himself with a knowledge of the general aspect of life and endeavoring to improve himself so as to be in harmony with life. He is too narrow-minded, his knowledge is too superficial to enable him to take a broader view of life. He is an egotist because the fancy of superiority is hereditary with him ; it is below his dignity to conform himself to the rest, to learn or to accept anything from such as are not of his caste. He refuses to see the kindness and

devotion of his simple old nurse, and interprets it wrongly; he rails even at his faithful dog: neither the nurse nor the dog is a noble by birth. If he is egotistic, gloomy, and unfit for life, all the rest must be bad.

Those who do enjoy life, either because of an intuitive piety, or on account of a natural contentedness, or even by their sinful endeavors, are alike subjects of his derisive sneer, although he would be pious if he had the moral fortitude, contented if not so egotistic, or sinful if he had the courage to be so. He knows his deficiencies, and cannot command the strength to correct them. If the recollection of a bright moment occurs to him, instead of consoling him for the many disappointments he has suffered, it acts on him quite differently: it reminds him that life has some blessings, but those blessings have been denied him; it therefore makes his bitter cup more bitter, his dark fate still darker. Like the envious raven, who threw mud on the white dove to make her appear as black as himself, so the "Superfluous Man" throws his satire on everything around him for his consolation. But the truth gnaws at his life all the while; he cannot hide himself from his own penetrating glance, which is so keen to perceive the faults of others.

If Chulkaturin is intended to personify descendant aristocracy, we can clearly see its fate. As it removes from its original stock it becomes first impoverished, then degraded, then "superfluous," and dies at last in self-torment.

This is the lesson I have learned from the "Diary of a Superfluous Man." May the reader therefore excuse my partiality to the story. I think it is not quite a useless lesson, even in this country, where there is no aristocracy. It is not the name, it is the thing which creates the mischief in this case, and there are a good

many notions which create inequality in society all over the world, if not quite so bad as in Russia, yet bad enough. Heaven have mercy on those who are raised to become like Chulkaturin, and may the sins of their fathers be forgiven! HENRY GERSONI.

DIARY OF A SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

HAMLET OF OVECHIY-VǪDA, *March* 20.

THE physician has just left the house. At last have I drawn out the truth from him, however skilfully he tried to conceal it; he had to come out with it at last. Yes, I will soon die—very soon. The rivers will throw off their icy cover, and I shall disappear with the last snow. I shall depart. Where to? God knows. I shall also vanish in a sea. Well, and is there any evil in this? If death be inevitable, it is better to die in the spring.

But is it not ridiculous to begin writing a diary about a fortnight before death? And what of that? Are fourteen days of less consequence than fourteen years, or even fourteen centuries, in the sight of eternity? But is not the idea of eternity a foolish fancy? My mind, it seems, is wandering off in a labyrinth of abstract speculations; that is an evil omen. It seems that I am losing courage. It would be better were I to narrate something. The air is damp and chilly, and I may not go out. What shall I narrate? Something about my sickness? No respectable person speaks about his pains. Shall I compose a tale? That is not in my line. Shall I write on some philosophical subject? I am not equal to such a task. Shall I describe my surroundings? They are tiresome to me, much more so would they be to the reader. I am tired of idling, and too lazy even

to read a book. A wonderful idea strikes my mind! I shall tell myself the story of my own life. That is just the thing a person ought to do before his death, and it cannot offend anybody. I shall go to work at once.

I was born thirty years ago. My parents were well-to-do land-owners. My father was a passionate gambler, and my mother was *a woman with a character*, a very benevolent lady. I never knew a woman whom benevolence afforded less enjoyment than to her. She actually fell under the weight of her own dignity. She tormented everybody, herself included. During all the fifty years of her life she never rested, never folded her arms. She was constantly busy and bustling about like an ant, with the only difference that her work never had any object. It seemed as though some worm were gnawing at her heart, causing her restlessness day and night. Only once in my life I saw her perfectly quiet: it was on the day after her death. It seemed to me then that her face bore the expression of silent amazement. There she lay in her coffin, her cheeks sunken, her eyes motionless, her lips half apart, her whole appearance conveying the idea, "How pleasant it is not to move one's self!" Yes, it is good, very good, to be rid at last of the tiresome consciousness of life, of the incessant irksome feeling of existence! But this is not to the purpose.

The manner in which I grew up was foolish and destitute of enjoyment. My father and my mother both loved me; but that did not make things any better. The former had no earthly significance or influence in his own house. As a man who had given himself to an ignoble and ruinous vice, he felt his degradation; but he had not the moral power to resist his vicious desires; he therefore tried to win the condescension of his ex-

emplary wife by a quiet, submissive and humble deportment.

My mother bore her misfortunes with that lofty and dignified patience which betrayed too much of selfish pride. She never reproached my father for anything he did. She gave him all the money she had, and paid his debts without a murmur. He always praised her highly, but did not like to stay at home. He petted me stealthily, as if he were afraid lest he infect me with his moral disease. But whenever he embraced me, his marked features bore the expression of such tenderness, the feverish smile around his lips was so touching, and his mild blue eyes, surrounded by a multitude of fine wrinkles, beamed with so much love, that I could not help pressing my cheek to his face, which was all glowing with emotion, and wet with tears. I wiped those tears with my handkerchief, and they rolled down again by themselves, without any effort on his part, just like water from the edge of an overflowing glass. I would then begin to cry, too, and he would reassure me, pat me on the shoulder, and cover my face with kisses. Even now when I think of my poor father, who has been dead more than twenty years, a mute sobbing fills my throat, and my heart beats swiftly and warmly, and feels oppressed with such a sorrowful commiseration, as though it were yet to beat for a long time, and as if there were yet anything to commiserate.

My mother, on the other hand, always treated me uniformly—kindly, but coldly. We often find the character of such mothers portrayed in juvenile books—moralizing and just. My mother loved me, but I did not love her. Yes, I kept distant from my virtuous mother, and loved ardently my vicious father.

But that will suffice for to-day. I have made a be-

ginning, and need not worry myself about the rest. It depends on my sickness, and not on me.

March 21.

The weather is splendid to-day ; it is warm and clear. The sun plays beautifully upon the melting snow. Everything is sparkling with dewy crystals. The sparrows, chirping merrily, hop about the moist and vapor-laden hedges. The damp, sweet air irritates my breast. Spring, spring is coming ! I am sitting at the window, looking out into the hazy distance far beyond the small river.

Oh, Nature ! Nature ! I love thee so much ! But from thy bosom has sprung forth a being who is unable even to live ! There is a sparrow, hopping with extended wings and tail. He chirps loudly, and each sound of his voice, each bristling feather on his little body, betokens health and strength. Now, what of that ? Nothing. The sparrow is healthy, and has a right to chirp and bustle about. I am sick, and must die. That is all. It was foolish of me to make a remark about it. Tearful addresses to Nature are very ridiculous. Let me resume my narrative.

The manner in which I grew up, I said, was foolish and destitute of enjoyment. I had neither brothers nor sisters, and was educated at home. With whom would my mother busy herself if I had been sent to school ? Children come into the world in order to afford pastime for their parents. We generally lived in the village, but at times we spent a few weeks in Moscow. I had my teachers and mentors, as is customary. I remember one of them in particular—a lean and tearful German, Rickman by name. He was an unusually sad individual, and of a mournful disposition. He was consumed by an

ardent but fruitless yearning after his distant fatherland. Sometimes my unshaven uncle, Vassil, dressed in his everlasting thick blue frock, would sit near the hot stove in the close anteroom, the air of which was saturated with the sour smell of kvass,* and while he played cards with the driver, Potapoff, who was clad in a white sheepskin cloak and heavy tarred boots, Rickman, behind the Spanish wall, would sing :

"Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig,
Was bekuemmert dich so sehr?
'S ist ja schœn im fremden Lande,
Herz, mein Herz, was willst du mehr?"

After the death of my father we went to live in Moscow. I was then twelve years old. My father died at night of apoplexy. I shall never forget that night. I was sleeping soundly, as children generally do, but I remember that even in my sleep I heard a regular and heavy snoring. Suddenly somebody shook me by the shoulder. I opened my eyes : Uncle Vassil stood before me.

"What is the matter?"

"Get up, get up—Alexey Michailovitch is dying."

I jumped out of bed like a madman. With one leap I was in the dormitory. Father was lying with his head thrown back, his face red, and deep sounds issuing from his throat. At the door there was a throng of people with frightened faces. In the antechamber somebody asked, in a loud voice, "Has a physician been sent for?" In the yard the gates of the stable creaked on their hinges, horses' feet were splashing in the mud,

* *Kvass* is prepared of water which is left standing for some time on rye-yeast until it becomes quite sour. The beverage is used throughout Russia as a refreshing drink.—H. G.

and Potapoff's voice resounded in a multitude of oaths. A tallow candle burned on the floor of the room. My mother was bustling about, without losing sight, however, either of respectability or of the consciousness of her own dignity.

I fell on my father's breast crying, "Papa, dear papa!" He did not move, but his face became wrinkled in a strange manner. I looked at him, and was seized with a terror, so that I could hardly breathe. I screamed from fright, as screams a bird when suddenly caught by a rough hand. Somebody raised me and took me out of the room. Only the previous day my father had fondled me so affectionately, with such a sad expression in his countenance, as if he had a presentiment of his approaching end. A sleepy and unshaven physician came into the room; a strong smell of rye-brandy came into the room with him. My father died under his lancet.

The next day I stood, with a burning candle in my hand, before the table on which the remains of my father were laid out. I was all benumbed, and listened mechanically to the funeral service recited by the deacon in a very deep voice, at times interrupted by the shrill voice of the minister. Tears were streaming down over my cheeks, my lips, my collar, my shirt-front; I was melting with tears without any feeling in my breast. My gaze was fixed on my father's face, as if I expected to hear him speak. My mother in the mean time was majestically performing her religious devotion. She slowly bowed down, touching the ground with her forehead, slowly arose and crossed herself at every bow, pressing the tips of her fingers to her forehead, breast, and shoulders. There was not a single thought in my head of that time, but I felt that something fearful was

occurring before me. Death looked into my face, and took good notice of me.

After the death of my father, we went to live in Moscow for a very simple reason : everything we possessed had been sold under the auctioneer's hammer—everything except one small village, the same in which I am now ending my glorious existence. I must confess that, notwithstanding my tender age, I felt really sorry for the loss of our nest. I was especially grieved to lose our garden. With that garden were associated the only bright recollections I had. In the silence of one spring evening I buried there my best friend, our old dog Triska, who had a short tail and crooked legs. Hiding myself in the bushes of that garden, I consumed the apples I had stolen—red, sweet apples, real Novogorodians. Among the raspberry bushes of that garden I for the first time noticed our new waiting-maid, Avdotia, who, notwithstanding her flat nose and her foolish habit of covering her face with a handkerchief while she giggled, awakened in me such a tender passion that I could hardly breathe in her presence. And once upon an Easter Sunday, when her turn came to kiss my noble hand, I felt like throwing myself at her feet and kissing her old dusty leather boots.

Have really twenty years passed since all this occurred ? It seems but a short time since I was riding on my shaggy chestnut pony along the old hedge of our garden, and raised myself in the stirrup to tear some double-colored leaves from an abele-tree. Life is like a sound : perceived only some time after it has passed.

Oh, that garden ! those moss-covered pathways around the pond ; that small gravel plain beneath the dike, where I used to fish for gudgeons and loches ; and you, the lofty birches, with your suspended reeds, through

which the plaintive song of the peasant and the irregular twag of the broken wheel of his cart penetrated from the village road: I send you my last farewell! Taking leave of life, I extend my arms to you—to you alone! Oh, how I would desire to breathe once more the sharp, fresh air of our plains; to inhale once more the sweet fragrance of a buckwheat harvest in the fields of my native clime! How my heart yearns to hear once, only once more, the hoarse chiming of the cracked village-church bell from the distance; to lie once more in the cooling shadow of the oak near the familiar declivity; to follow with my eyes the course of the wind passing swiftly, like a black wave, over the yellow grass of the meadows!

Ah, why all this? But I cannot proceed to-day—until to-morrow.

March 22.

It is cold and cloudy to-day. Such weather is more convenient; it agrees better with the nature of my work. Yesterday's weather aroused in me, quite unseasonably, a great many unwonted feelings and recollections. This shall never occur again. Sentimental outbursts are like licorice root: it pleases the taste at first, and leaves a nausea behind for a long time afterward. I shall now calmly and simply proceed with the story of my life.

And so we went to live in Moscow. But there occurs to me the question, Is it really worth while writing my biography? No. Positively not!

The story of my life is not different from that of a great many others. There is the paternal home, the university, service in lowly offices, handing in resignations, a small circle of acquaintances, whitewashed poverty, modest enjoyments, humble employments, moder-

ate desires, and so forth. For goodness' sake, who does not know all this? I shall, therefore, not write my biography. I am writing for my own pleasure, and nothing of an extraordinary character ever happened to me; nothing either very pleasant or very sad that should be worth while recording. It would be better if I were to analyze my own character.

What kind of a person am I?

The remark might be made here that nobody asks this question about me. I grant it. But I am dying; and is it not excusable if a person tries to find out before his death what kind of a creature he is?

Considering well this important question, and having no special reason to use very hard expressions against myself —as is the general practice of people who are confident of their high significance—I must say that I have been quite a superfluous man in this world; or, if it suit you better, say a superfluous creature. I shall demonstrate to-morrow the correctness of this assertion. To-day I am coughing like an old sheep, and Terentievna, my nurse, does not give me a moment's rest. "Lie down, master, dear; lie down, and take some tea," she insists. I know why she wants me to do so; she desires a cup of tea herself. Well, for my part, let her have it. Why not allow the poor old woman to extract all possible benefit from her master as long as she has the opportunity for it?

March 23.

Winter again. The snow falls in large flakes. *Superfluous! superfluous!* what an excellent word I have hit upon. The deeper I penetrate into the analysis of my character, the more do I become convinced of the exactness of this expression. I am superfluous, of course. To other persons this designation does not

apply. Other persons may be good or bad, wise or foolish, agreeable or disagreeable; but superfluous people there are none. I do not mean to say that the world could not exist without any of them; the world could just as well do without them, but uselessness is not their chief characteristic; being superfluous is not their distinctive quality, and such a designation will never enter your mind when you speak of them. And I—what else can be said of me? "A superfluous man," and that is all; "one beyond the required number," and nothing more. It appears as if Nature had not counted upon my coming into the world, and in consequence thereof, she treated me as an unexpected, unwanted visitor. A witty fellow, a great lover of preference,* once made a very just remark, narrating something about my mother. He said: "It happened before you were born. Your mother was at that time only *burdened* with you." I am now speaking of myself very calmly, without any bitter feeling. Why, it is a matter of the past now.

During my whole life I always found my place taken; the reason of it may be that I sought that place not where I ought. I was irritable, timid, and sensitive, as all sick persons are. There was constantly an irrational, inexplicable, and insurmountable barrier between my thoughts and feelings, and between the expression of the same; it was due either to my selfishness or to the infelicitous structure of my figure. Whenever I resolved to overcome this difficulty, to surmount this barrier, my motions and my facial expressions became so unnatural that my whole being assumed a perplexing awkwardness. I not only appeared unnatural and stiff,

*A card-play which is very popular with the better classes of Russian society.

but I really was so. I felt it, and hastily beat a retreat. But then a fearful storm arose within me. I commenced to analyze myself minutely, compare myself with others, recalled to memory the most insignificant looks, smiles, and remarks of those before whom I wished to display myself, placed everything in the worst light, frowned and laughed at my pretensions "to be like others." And in the midst of that laughter I would suddenly become heavy; an unspeakable sadness would oppress my breast, and I would recommence again my speculations and criticisms on myself. In short, I was turning like a squirrel in its wheel-cage. I used to spend days and nights in this tantalizing and useless task. Now, for mercy's sake, let any one say, Who wants such a person, and for what use is he in the world? Why have such things occurred with me? What was the cause of this trifling strife with and within myself? Who knows? Who can tell?

I remember I was once riding in a stage-coach to Moscow. The road was very good, and the driver had added to the team of four a fifth horse. This unhappy and altogether useless mare was in some way attached to the forward part of the vehicle with a short rope which was mercilessly cutting her thigh and tail, and caused her to run in a most unnatural manner, giving to her whole body the miserable appearance of a hanger-on. She aroused my deepest sympathy, and I remarked to the driver that he could well do without a fifth horse. He paused a second, shook his head, and drawing in the poor animal belabored her with his knout, remarking, not without a frown:

"The d—l knows. Hung herself on, indeed!"

I am also a hanger-on. But it is well the station is not far.

Yes, I am superfluous. I engaged to prove the fitness of this term, and I intend to keep my promise. But I do not consider it necessary to mention a thousand trifles of every-day life, which might be sufficient to establish my idea in the mind of every thinking man. I shall rather narrate one incident of my life, which proves how exactly the designation "superfluous" applies to me. I cannot, however, pass in silence one very curious and noteworthy circumstance — namely, how strangely I was treated by my friends (I also had some friends) when they happened to meet me, or when I called on them. They became uneasy when they saw me, and when they came to meet me they smiled in an unnatural manner. They did not look straight in my eyes or down to my boots, as others do, but they looked somehow past my cheek. They hastily shook hands with me, hastily exclaimed, "Ah, how do you do, Chulkaturin?" (Providence has favored me with this euphonious appellation); or, "Ah, there is Chulkaturin!" Then they would step aside; sometimes they would pause as if trying to recollect something.

I noticed all this, for Providence has not deprived me of a penetrating and observing nature. In fact, I am not foolish at all. Sometimes even very curious ideas occurred to me. But as I am a superfluous man, and there being a kind of a lock within me, I was always backward in giving utterance to my ideas, the more so since I knew beforehand that I would express myself very foolishly. I sometimes even wondered how other persons could speak so easily and so fluently. "What a chick!" I thought, when I heard them. I must confess, however, that my tongue itched very often, notwithstanding the little lock within me, but I actually indulged in the luxury of speaking only in my childhood.

In a riper age I always mastered such desires. Whenever a desire to say something arose within me, I said to myself, "Let us rather be silent a little," and in this manner I calmed myself.

Our special greatness consists generally in silence. Our women above all make their greatest conquests with their silence. A noble Russian maiden will sometimes maintain such a majestic silence that, no matter how a man might be prepared for such a sight, he will be thrown into a cold perspiration in her august presence. But I have no business to criticise other people; I shall proceed with my narrative.

A few years ago I had occasion to spend a few months in the corporate town of O——. Some circumstances, very trifling in themselves, but of great importance to me, were the cause of it. This town is built on the declivity of a hill, in a very inconvenient manner. It contains about eight hundred inhabitants, who live in great poverty. The houses have neither shape nor form. Threatening blocks of sandstone start from beneath the pavement of the principal street, so that all wagons are obliged to evade it. In the middle of an amazingly dirty square, there are some yellowish booths with dark holes, in which there are some men with immensely large fur caps on their heads, who assume the appearance of doing business. Near these huts a very high pole, painted with gay colors, is placed. Near that pole stands a wagon of yellow hay, by order of the authorities, for the sake of good order, you know. So also one or two chickens, the property of the authorities, lounge about there for the same reason. In short, life is very gay in the corporate town of O——.

The first few days of my stay there I almost went crazy with *ennui*. So much I must say of myself, that

although I am a superfluous man, it is not my own choice to be so. I am sick myself, but I detest the sight of every sickly thing. I would not even turn away from happiness—ay, I tried even to approach it from one side and from the other. Well, no wonder then that I can feel "blue," like all other mortals. I was at O—— on some official business.

Terentievna has actually sworn to tantalize me to death. Here is a specimen of our dialogue:

She. "Oh-o-o, master dear, why do you write so much?"

I. "I feel blue, Terentievna."

She. "You had better take a few cups of tea and lie down. God granting, you will perspire a little and fall asleep."

I. "But I do not want to sleep."

She. "Oh, master dear, how can you say so? Lie down, lie down, it will do you good."

I. "I shall die anyhow, Terentievna."

She. "God have mercy! Well, then, do you order some tea?"

I. "I will not live one week more."

She. "Oh-o-o, oh, oh! How can you speak like that, master dear? I will go and put on the tea-kettle."

Oh, feeble, yellow, toothless creature! Am I nobody even for thee?

March 24—*A strong frost.*

By reason of the official business which brought me to O——, I called on a certain Mr. Ojogin the very day of my arrival. Mr. Ojogin—Kirrilla Matveyevitch was his Christian name—occupied an important position. About a fortnight after my introduction I became well acquainted with him. His house stood on the principal

thoroughfare of the town and was distinguishable from all other houses by its enormous size, its painted roof, and by two lions that were stationed at its gates. The lions were of the genus that has a striking resemblance to crippled dogs; their native land is Moscow. The lions alone were sufficient evidence that their owner was an opulent man. Mr. Ojogin owned about four hundred serfs. The best society of O—— called at his house, and he was reputed a hospitable man.

Among the visitors of Mr. Ojogin were the following gentlemen: The administrator of the town, a gentleman of vast proportions, whose appearance reminded one of a coat which has been cut out of cheap material; he used to come in a buggy drawn by a pair of dirty-colored horses; the attorney-general, a yellowish, ill-natured little creature; the surveyor, a witty gentleman of German extraction, with a Moorish face; an officer of the connection roads' department, a tender soul—a singer, but a fearful gossipper; the ex-governor of the district, a gentleman with dyed hair, a crumpled shirt-front, pantaloons with straps, and with that most noble facial expression which is generally procured by a protracted career through the courts of justice; finally, there were two land-owners, inseparable friends. The last were both elderly men, but the junior of them exercised great control over his senior. He always made him hold his peace by force of one and the same remark: "You had better hold your tongue, Sergey Sergeyevitch," he would say, when the other attempted to speak. "How can you desire to express an opinion, since you do not even know how to write the word *cork?* Yes, gentlemen," he would add, addressing the company, "Sergey Sergeyevitch spells the word with a *g;* he writes it gork;" and all present would commence to

laugh, although I could not say whether there were any among them well skilled in the art of orthography. The poor Sergey Sergeyevitch would then become silent, and incline his head, with a feeble smile.

But I forget that my time is too limited for such minute descriptions. To be brief, Ojogin was a married man : he had a daughter, Elizabetta Kirrilovna by name, and I fell in love with that daughter of his. Ojogin himself was a man of the general run ; neither good nor bad. His wife was somewhat like an overaged chicken. But their daughter was unlike either of them. She was very pretty, and of a lively but tender temperament. Her bright gray eyes beamed kindly and looked straight forward from beneath her childishly elevated brows. She always smiled, and very often indulged in a hearty laugh. Her fresh, youthful voice sounded very agreeably, her motions were easy and quick, and when she blushed there was an air of merriment about her. She dressed herself not very extravagantly—simple dresses became her best.

I was always slow in making acquaintances, and if I felt easy in the presence of a new acquaintance (which, however, happened very seldom), this spoke highly in favor of that person. But I never knew how to treat ladies. In their presence I made either sour or very wry faces, or I grinned in the most foolish manner, and chewed my tongue in confusion. But with Elizabetta Kirrilovna I felt at home the very first time I met her. This is how it happened :

I once called on Ojogin in the forenoon. I asked whether he was at home, and was informed that he was just dressing, and was requested to wait for him in the parlor. I entered the parlor and saw a young lady dressed in white standing with her face toward the win-

dow, and with a bird's cage in her hand. I became a little agitated as usual, but I made an effort and coughed slightly by way of announcing my presence. The young lady turned quickly, so quickly that her long curls struck her in the face, and noticing me, she made a courtesy; showing me a small box half filled with grains, she said, with a smile:

"You have no objection?"

I, of course, according to the custom of politeness, inclined my head, and at the same time quickly bent and straightened out my knees, as though somebody had struck me in the joints from behind, which motion is well known to be a sign of good education and of an agreeable and social disposition; then I smiled, and waved my hand once or twice in the air.

The young lady immediately turned away, took out of the cage a small board, began to scrub it energetically with a knife, and without changing her position, said to me:

"This is my father's redfinch. Do you like redfinches?"

"I prefer aberdevines," I rejoined, not without an effort.

"I also like aberdevines. But look at this one—is he not a beauty? Come, look at him; don't be afraid," she continued, while I was wondering why she was not afraid of me. "Step nearer and look at him. His name is Popka."

I stepped nearer and bowed down to the bird.

"Is he not lovely?" she exclaimed, turning to me.

We stood so near each other that she had to throw her head back in order to look at me. I looked at her features. Her whole young, rosy, well-rounded face smiled so heartily that I could not help responding with a smile,

and could hardly control myself so as not to laugh for pleasure looking at her.

The door opened, and Mr. Ojogin entered the room. I immediately began to converse with him very gayly. I do not know how it happened, but I stayed there for dinner, and remained until late in the evening. When I again called on the Ojogins the next day, their footman, a dry-boned fellow with weak eyes, smiled to me as to a house-friend, while he helped me out of my overcoat.

As a superfluous man, having no recollection of a peaceful, domestic life, I had never yet thought of the happiness of having a nest of my own, of the felicity of daily intercourse and association with a person whose interests and habits should be intertwined with those of my own. If there was anything in me similar to a flower, and if it were not such a hackneyed metaphor, I would say that I blossomed since the first day of my acquaintance with Liza. Everything within and around me assumed a new aspect. My whole life became bright with love—yes, my whole life. Like a dark and deserted room in which a candle has been suddenly lighted, so my life became bright all of a sudden. I went to bed, ate my meals, smoked my pipe—in short, I did everything in a manner quite different from that I had ever had before ; even my step became lighter than usual, as if I had wings grown on my shoulders.

I was not for a moment in doubt with regard to the sentiment aroused in me by Elizabetta Kirrilovna. I fell desperately in love with her the first time I saw her, and I knew forthwith that I was in love. For three weeks I met her every day. These three weeks were the happiest in my life, but the recollection of them is heavy, very heavy indeed. I cannot think of

them alone. With the recollection of those happy days, all that subsequently occurred comes to my mind, and my heart, which begins to soften at the memory of happiness, becomes oppressed with the weight of misfortune that succeeded it.

It is a well-known fact that when a person feels very good his brains work very little. A quiet and gladsome feeling, a feeling of satisfaction, penetrates his whole being; it masters him entirely, and his individuality becomes lost in it; "he is in felicity," as the badly-educated poets express themselves. But when at last "the minutes of enchantment" pass away, he sometimes feels sorry that he thought so little in the time of happiness, that he did not by consideration and reflection augment that "felicity;" as if a man "in felicity" ever had time to stop and think, or as though it were worth his while to do so. A man "in felicity" is like unto a fly which is basking in sunlight.

This is the reason why I cannot find in my memory any clear and definite idea of the impression love had made upon me; and, besides this, nothing noteworthy had passed between us during that time. These twenty days appear unto me like some warm, young, fragrant feeling—like a bright streak in my sombre gray life. But my memory becomes mercilessly exact and clear when I think of the time "the blasts of misfortune began to fall upon my head," speaking in the language of the same badly-educated poets.

Yes, those three weeks! But I cannot say that they have left in my memory no images whatever. Sometimes when I think of them for a long time, some recollections swim out of the dim past, just like new stars appear in the firmament to a person whose eyes are assiduously fixed on one spot. I remember especially one

walk we took together in a forest. Our company consisted of four persons: Mrs. Ojogin, Liza, I, and a certain fourth or fifth rate officer at the town of O——, a fair-complexioned, good-natured, and quiet little man—Bizmenkoff by name. I shall have to speak of him hereafter in my story. Mr. Ojogin himself was not of the party. He had taken a long nap in the hot afternoon, got a headache, and could not go out. It was a beautiful day, the air was quiet and clear.

I must remark here that public gardens do not agree with the spirit of the Russian people. In the so-called public gardens of the large cities, you will never meet a living soul, except, perhaps, sometimes a coughing and groaning old woman sitting on a green bench, near a sickly tree, to rest herself; but even she would not be there if there was near by a dirty little bench at the gate of some house. But if there is in the neighborhood of a town a small forest of birch-trees, all the merchants, sometimes even the official dignitaries of that place, are sure to turn out thither on Sundays and holidays. They will take along their tea-kettles, cakes, and squash gourds, lay out all these blessings on the dusty grass, right near the road, and eat and drink tea, in the sweat of their countenances, until nightfall.

Just such a forest existed in the vicinity of O——, about two *versts* distant from the town. Thither our company repaired after dinner. We sat down and drank our tea—as the custom is—and afterward went for a stroll in the forest. Bizmenkoff gave his arm to Mrs. Ojogin, and I escorted Liza. The day was beginning to decline. I was then in the very heat of first love. (It was about a fortnight after I had made her acquaintance.) I was in that state of passionate adoration when the soul of the lover follows instinctively and unwit-

tingly after the slightest motion of his beloved ; when he cannot have enough of her presence, cannot hear enough of her voice ; when he is constantly smiling like a child that is just recovering from a protracted sickness, and a man of any experience in the world can divine at the first glance what is going on within him. Before that day I never had had the opportunity of holding Liza's arm.

I was walking with her, stepping lightly on the green grass. A slight breeze was moving around us from between the stems of the lofty birches, at times throwing the ribbons of her hat into my face. I diligently followed the motions of her eyes until she turned them toward me cheerfully, and we both smiled to one another. The birds chirped approvingly over us, and the blue sky glimpsed kindly on us from between the thin foliage. My head was dizzy from too much pleasure.

I hasten to remark that Liza was not in love with me at all. She liked me, as she generally was not timid with strangers, but I was not the person to trouble her childish heart. She held me by the arm as she would hold a brother. She was then seventeen years old. And yet, that very evening, and before my own eyes, there arose within her that deep and secret yearning which betokens the changing of a girl into a woman. I witnessed this changing of her whole being ; this innocent uncertainty ; this restless thoughtfulness. I was the first to notice the sudden, harmonious change of her voice ; and, fool that I am ! superfluous being that I am ! for a whole week afterward I was not ashamed to imagine that I was the cause of all that change. Here is how it happened :

We were walking for some time and speaking very little to one another. I was silent, like all inexperienced lovers are, and she—probably because she had nothing

to tell me. But it seemed as though she were thinking of something. She shook her head in a peculiar manner, and thoughtfully chewed a reed which she had broken on the way. At times she would begin to walk ahead energetically, and then she would stand still wait ing for me and looking around, smiling thoughtfully. The night previous I read to her "The Captive of Caucasia."* How eagerly she listened to me; her head reclined on the palms of both hands, and her breast pressing to the table. I began to speak about last night's reading. She blushed, asked me whether I had not forgotten to give the finch some hemp-seed, commenced in a loud voice some lively little song, and then all at once became silent.

The forest terminated on the top of a steep hill, at the foot of which was a small winding river, and on the other side of the river there were vast meadows, extending far, far in the hazy distance—as far as the eyes could reach. At some places, beautiful elevations were to be seen, just like waves on a quiet pond, caused by a slight breath of wind; at others, the ground was lying like a rich unrolled carpet, variegated with the freshest and sweetest of flowers, and at times interspersed with narrow drains filled with clear water. Liza and I arrived at the end of the forest a few minutes before our companions. Emerging from the woods we were both dazzled with the beauty of the scene. Before us, in the midst of the glowing mist, was the setting sun like a ball of fire. The horizon was playing with all shades of red, sending scarlet rays obliquely on the meadows before us, crimsoning the shady sides of the eminences, and falling like fiery lead even on the waters. It seemed as though all the rays of the sun were directed against

* This is one of the best poems of Pushkin.

the hill on which we stood, and against the wood from which we emerged. We stood there, so to say, bathing in a blazing stream of light.

I am not able to depict the solemn magnificence of that scene. It is said of a blind person that the red colors had the same effect upon him when he touched them as the sound of a trumpet has on the ear. I do not know how much truth there is in that statement; but really there was something soul-stirring in the sight of that inflamed evening sky, in that crimsoning lustre of heaven and earth. I shouted in ecstasy and looked at Liza; she was looking at the sun, and that burning ball was reflected in her eyes by two fiery sparks. She was affected by the sight; her heart was throbbing with emotion. But she did not respond to my exclamation. She stood motionless, with her head inclined to the ground. I looked at her in silent amazement and full of delight. I extended my hand to her, but she turned away, and tears appeared in her eyes.

Bizmenkoff's voice was heard within a few steps of us. Liza hastily wiped her tears and turned to me with a timid smile. Mrs. Ojogin came out of the forest supported by the arm of her fair-complexioned escort; they also admired the view that was before us. The old woman asked Liza something, and I remember that I shivered slightly when I heard her answer with an uncertain, hoarse voice, like that of a cracked glass. In the mean time the sun disappeared, the evening approached, we repaired homeward, and I offered my arm to Liza. There was yet light enough so that I could clearly see her features. She seemed to be troubled, and did not raise her eyes. Her cheeks were glowing as if the rays of the setting sun were yet directed toward her; her hand rested lightly on my arm. I could not

converse for a long while, so great was my emotion. Our carriage appeared between the trunks of the trees; the driver slowly came toward us; we could hear the wheels grating in the sand.

"Lizabetta Kirrilovna," said I at last, "why did you begin to cry?"

"I do not know," she rejoined, after a moment's silence, and looked at me with her soft, gray eyes, yet wet with tears. It seemed to me that the expression of those eyes was entirely changed.

"I see you love nature," I continued. I could hardly pronounce these few words, so great was my emotion, but this was not what I wanted to say. She silently nodded her head by way of assent. I could not speak one word more. I inwardly expected something. Not for a confession of love—how so? I waited for a confiding glance, for a question—but Liza looked to the ground and was silent. I muttered again, "Why?" and received no answer. I noticed that she felt uneasy, almost ashamed. Fifteen minutes afterward we were all sitting in the carriage. Our horses were trotting lightly on the road, and we moved through the darkening, moist air toward the town. I suddenly became very garrulous, spoke much to Bizmenkoff, to Mrs. Ojogin, and did not look at Liza; but I noticed that she did not glance at me a single time from her corner in the carriage. At home she roused herself a little, but refused to read with me, and went to bed early. That crisis—the crisis of which I spoke before—had passed on her; she ceased to be a girl, and like myself commenced to expect something. But she had not long to wait.

I returned home that night all enchanted. There was at first a faint feeling in my breast akin to an evil pre-

sentiment or suspicion ; but it soon vanished. The stiff deportment of Liza toward me I ascribed to maidenly bashfulness and timidity. Had not I read in a thousand novels that the first feeling of love in a maiden frightens and confuses her at its generation ? I felt very happy, and began to make plans for the future.

If somebody had then whispered in my ear : " Nonsense, my friend, that is not what is destined for you. Your destination is to die lonesome, in a shattered little house, compelled to listen to the husky raillery of an old peasant woman, who will be anxiously waiting for your death, in order that she shall be at liberty to sell your boots for a few *kopecks.*" Yes, unwittingly the words of a great Russian philosopher come to my mind, " How shall a person know what he does not know ?"

Until to-morrow.

March 25—*A white winter day.*

I read over what I wrote yesterday, and felt like tearing up the manuscript. It seems to me that my narrative is written too circumstantially, and in too sweet a style. But as the succeeding events I propose to narrate are akin to those of which Lermontoff expresses himself so well—" It is both joyous and painful to touch the old scars"—why should not I allow myself this painful pleasure ? It is true, a person must keep himself within certain bounds. I shall, therefore, proceed without affectation.

For a whole week after our walk in the forest, my condition did not change, although in Liza the change was more noticeable every day. I explained the last circumstance to my advantage. The misfortune of isolated and timid persons—timid because of their great selfishness—consists in this : that they never see a thing in its true light, no matter how sharp-sighted they are,

and how they may fix their eyes on one object. It is as if they were looking through colored spectacles. Their own thoughts and observations hinder them on every side. Since our acquaintance, Liza's conduct toward me was childish and confiding. It may be even that she felt a kind of childish attachment toward me. But when that strange change had occurred with her, she began to feel somewhat uneasy in my presence; she often turned away from me unwillingly, with an expression of sadness and thoughtfulness in her eyes. She was, so to say, in a state of expectation, not knowing herself what she expected. And I was glad to observe that change in her. I almost choked with joy! I must admit, however, that any other person in my place would have been deceived by the same illusion; for who is devoid of conceit?

It is not necessary to add that I did not understand the true nature of my position for some time; my phantasy had been soaring high until it burst like a bubble. The misunderstanding between me and Liza lasted for about a week, and there is nothing wonderful in it. I have had occasion to observe misunderstandings which lasted for years. And who says that only the truth is real? The lie exists as well as, if not better than, the truth. I have a faint recollection that some kind of misgiving had arisen in my mind even at that time; but one of our class—isolated men—is as unable to judge about what is going on within him as he is unable to judge about what is transpiring before his eyes.

Besides that, is love a natural feeling? Does love enter in the normal condition of life? No. Love is a sickness, and there are no laws for sickness. Suppose my heart did feel a little oppressed at that time? Have not my sentiments been confused? And how in the

world could I judge about one momentary feeling, whether it meant for good or for evil—what was its cause and what its significance? But however the case may have been with the philosophical question concerning my presentiments, feelings, and misconceptions, they were soon to be dispelled, and I had to learn the real value of them all in the following manner:

One morning, entering the Ojogins' house, I heard an unfamiliar but sonorous voice speaking in the parlor. While I was taking off my overcoat in the hall, the door of the parlor opened, and out came a young man about twenty-five years of age, with a very fine figure, accompanied by the host. He hastily took off his military cloak that was hanging on the hat-stand, shook hands with Kirrilla Matveyevitch, and passing me, he hurriedly but politely touched the brim of his cap, and went off, clinking with his spurs.

"Who is that?" I asked Mr. Ojogin.

"Prince N——," he answered with a thoughtful air; "sent from St. Petersburg to take in charge the troop of new recruits. But where are all the people here?" he added, with displeasure. "There was not a person here even to hand him his cloak."

"Is it long since he has been here?" I asked again.

"He arrived last evening. I offered him a room in my house, but he refused to accept it. He seems to be a very fine fellow."

"Has he been in your house long?"

"About an hour or so. He desired to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Ojogin."

"Have you introduced him?"

"Of course."

"And Elizabetta Kirrilovna?"

"He made her acquaintance too."

I paused a moment.

"How long is he going to stay here?" I asked again.

"About three or four weeks, I should think," was the answer; and Kirrilla Matveyevitch ran off to dress herself.

I began to walk to and fro in the parlor. I do not remember that the appearance of Prince N—— made any special impression on me, except that it aroused within me a feeling akin to that which people generally perceive when a stranger is unexpectedly introduced into their family circle. It may be that together with this feeling there was also a kind of envy like that of a timorous and insignificant native of Moscow before a brilliant army officer of St. Petersburg.

"A prince!" I thought; "a specimen of the capital! He will look at us from on high."

I saw him for one minute only, and had occasion to notice that he was good-looking, easy, and graceful.

Having paced the room a number of times, I stopped before the mirror, drew out of my pocket a small comb and fixed my hair, giving it a poetically negligent appearance. As often happens, I began to make observations on my countenance in the looking-glass. My especial notice, I remember, was concentrated on my nose. I was always dissatisfied with the softness and the undecided lineaments of that member. Suddenly I noticed in the dark background of the mirror that a door opened, and Liza's straight figure appeared in it. I do not know why, but I did not change my position or the expression of my face. Liza put her head into the room, looked attentively at me, and raising her eyebrows and drawing in her under-lip like a person who is pleased at remaining unnoticed, she very cautiously drew herself back and quietly drew the door after her. The

door creaked slightly. Liza stopped for an instant. I did not move. She finally closed it and disappeared.

There was nothing to doubt after this. The expression of Liza's face when she saw my figure meant nothing else than a desire to be off fortunately to avoid an unpleasant meeting. The sudden spark of pleasure in her eyes when she thought I had not noticed her, showed plainly that she did not love me. I looked at the closed door for a long, long time ; it appeared in the background of the mirror like a bleak spot.

I desired to laugh at my own stiff figure, but I bowed my head, went home, and threw myself on the sofa. I felt much oppressed—so oppressed that I could not even weep. And what had I to weep for ? Lying there like dead on my back, with hands folded on my breast, I exclaimed an innumerable number of times, " Is that so ? Is that so ?" How does the reader like this query ?

March 26—*A thaw.*

The next day when I entered the familiar parlor of Ojogin with a palpitating heart, and after a long struggle with myself, I was no longer the man they had known for the last three weeks. All my old whims, which I had abandoned under the influence of the new feeling that had been generated in my heart, had suddenly returned to me and had taken hold of my whole being, like the owners of a house returning into it after a short absence. Persons like myself generally do not act according to existing facts, but according to conceived impressions. Only the day before, I had been filled with sweet anticipations of mutual love, and to-day I was in despair on account of my misfortunes, although I could not have had any reasonable cause for either of these feelings. I could not possibly be jealous

of Prince N—— ; no matter how great his merits, his appearance alone was not sufficient to destroy Liza's good disposition toward me. But had there ever been such a good disposition ? I recalled to memory the incidents of the past.

" And the walk in the forest ?" I asked myself.

" And the sight in the mirror ?" I retorted.

" But that evening, it seems—"

I could not continue.

" Gracious me !" I exclaimed at last ; " what a useless being I am, anyhow !"

Such unfinished thoughts and sentiments had been whirling in my head. In short, I entered the house of Ojogin the same irritable, suspicious, and stiff person I have been since my childhood.

I found the whole family assembled in the parlor, and Bizmenkoff, too, sitting there in a corner. They all seemed to be in good spirits, especially Ojogin himself, who was beaming with pleasure, and soon after the formal salutation informed me that Prince N—— had spent the last evening at his house. Liza greeted me very composedly.

" Well," I thought, " I know why *you* are in good spirits."

I must confess that the second visit of the prince appeared to me very suspicious ; I did not expect that he would call on the Ojogins a second time. Persons like myself generally expect everything in the world except that which is the most natural. I puffed up, and assumed the air of an offended but generous person. I desired to punish Liza with my displeasure. This shows that I was not in despair after all. It is said that, in some cases, when a person is really beloved, it is very good for him to tantalize a little the one he loves ; it is

a kind of incentive ; but in my case it was very foolish. Liza remained unobservant of it in the most innocent manner. Only old Mrs. Ojogin noticed my sullen silence, and sympathetically asked me if I was well. Of course I smiled bitterly, and said that I was—thank Providence—very well. Ojogin continued to talk about his new guest, but noticing that I spoke unwillingly, he turned to Bizmenkoff, who listened to him very attentively. Suddenly the footman announced :

" His Excellency, Prince N——."

The host jumped up and went to meet him. Liza, at whom I looked with piercing eyes, blushed with pleasure, and moved in her chair. The prince entered, all sunshine, perfumed, good-humored, and polite.

As I am not composing a tale for the indulgent reader, but simply am writing for my own pastime, I will not have recourse to the usual schemes of composers. I shall therefore state at once that Liza fell in love with the prince as soon as she saw him ; he also fell in love with her. It is no wonder that it happened so ; partly because he had nothing else to do, and partly because of his habit of turning women's heads, and also because Liza was really a lovely girl. He, most probably, never expected to find such a pearl in such a dirty shell as the accursed town of O—— ; and she had never yet seen, even in her dreams, a man like this sparkling, gay, considerate, and charming aristocrat.

After the first ceremonious salutations, I was introduced to the prince. He treated me very courteously ; he in general treated everybody courteously, notwithstanding the great difference there was between him and our poor, uncultured circle of insignificant individuals. He behaved in such a manner that not only he did not make others feel uneasy in his presence, but he himself

assumed an appearance as if he were one like ourselves, and as if his aristocratic family, and his living in the metropolis, were mere accidental things of no consequence whatever.

The first evening—oh! that first evening in his company! I remember once, in the happy days of my childhood, my teacher, desiring to illustrate to me an example of manly endurance, told me the story of the Lacedemonian youth who stole a fox and hid it under his coat. That youth did not betray himself, even with a sigh, when the fox was gnawing his bowels; thus he preferred the most painful death to public disgrace. I cannot find any better illustration of the sufferings I endured on that evening, when I for the first time saw the prince near Liza. I must have cut a peculiar figure that evening, with the forced smile stationary on my face, with my keen and tantalizing glances, with my foolish silence, and, at last, with my fruitless desire of being out of the way. Truly, more than one fox was gnawing at my bowels. There were jealousy, envy, helpless wrath, and the feeling of my own nothingness which tormented me all at a time. I could not but admit that the prince was a very agreeable young man. I could not turn my eyes from him; and really I think that, in spite of my habit, I did not wink a single time the whole evening. He did not address Liza only; he spoke to everybody present, but his whole conversation was for her alone. I imagine that he was highly displeased with me that evening. He probably conjectured at once that in me he had a dispossessed lover, and out of pity to me, also on account of his knowledge of how harmless I was, he addressed me in very kind terms. It is easy to imagine how I felt about this kindness of his.

During the whole evening I tried to repair the wrong

I had done, for in the very midst of my sufferings I imagined (let not the reader of this manuscript laugh at me, it was my last delusion) that Liza wanted to punish me for the coldness I had shown toward her, that she was angry with me and desired to tease me a little, and therefore she flirted with the prince. At the first favorable opportunity I approached her with a quiet, kind smile, and whispered, "That is enough. Excuse me. I did not do it because I feared—" And without waiting for an answer I assumed a cheerful appearance, pressed out a queer smile, and raised my hand toward the ceiling (I remember I wanted to fix my necktie). I proposed even to turn around on one leg, meaning to show that all was finished, that I was all right and desired everybody to be in good humor; but I did not do that for fear I might fall. Liza did not understand me, of course. She looked at me with astonishment and smiled hastily, as if desiring to get rid of me, and sat down again near the prince.

Blind and deaf as I was the whole time, I could not but notice that she never was angry or dissatisfied with me; she did not think of me at all. This was the last blow. My last hope was crushed like an ice-mushroom at the first ray of the sun. I was beaten by the first encounter, like the Prussians at Jena. In one day, at one time, I lost everything. No, she never was angry at me. Alas! I noticed it, she was like a tree underwashed by a passing stream! Thus a young tree, already separated from the coast by an inroad of the river, inclines itself more and more toward the current, ready to drown in it the first bloom of its spring and even its very life. He who ever had the opportunity to observe such phases of emotion in the object he loved, without being beloved, has experienced bitter, very bitter min-

utes of life. I shall never forget the eager attention, the tender joyfulness, the innocent forgetfulness, the looks in which childishness and womanhood were blended, the happy smile that beamed incessantly upon her half-open lips and crimsoning cheeks.

All the dim presentiments that Liza had had at the time of our walk in the forest, had now been realized, and she had given herself entirely to love, and had become, so to say, calm and clear. Thus fresh wine does not ferment when it has attained its ripeness.

I had the patience to sit there that whole evening and many succeeding evenings to the end. I could not hope for anything. Liza and the prince had become more and more attached to one another. But I had lost all feeling of self-respect; I could not tear myself away from the sight of my misfortune. Once I tried not to go there, I pledged my honor that I would stay at home the whole evening; but no sooner did the clock strike eight (the usual time of my call was at seven), than I took my hat and ran off to the Ojogins. My condition was very inconvenient. I did not utter a sound for days. I had never excelled in eloquence, as I stated before, but at that time the few words I ever had at my command vanished before the appearance of the prince, and I remained like a hawk which had lost its feathers. Besides this, I made my poor brain work so hard when I was alone, analyzing everything I had noticed and observed during the preceding evening, that I was hardly able to make observations again the next evening when I returned to the Ojogins. The latter treated me with pity and consideration, as if I were a sick person; I noticed that too.

Every morning I adopted a new and definite resolution, which was the result of a sleepless night's specula-

tions. Sometimes I would resolve to have an explanation with Liza, to give her some friendly advice. But when I was alone with her my tongue became stiff as if petrified, and we both spent the time in tormenting silence, anxiously waiting for some third person to come in and relieve us. Or I would make up my mind to leave the place forever, of course leaving behind a letter for Liza, full of reproaches and gall. I once even commenced to write such a letter, but the sense of justice had not quitted me; it occurred to me that I had no right or reason to reproach anybody, and I threw the epistle in the fire.

At times, a generous impulse would master me. I would resolve to sacrifice my sentiments for the benefit of the one I adored, to bless her and desire her happiness in love and life. At such moments I would glance at the lovers with kindness and emotion. But they not only did not thank me for my sacrifice, they did not even notice it; they had no need either of my generosity or my smiles. Then I would become indignant, and swear to revenge myself on my rival. I would take a notion to wrap myself in a cloak like a Spaniard, wait for the prince at some corner in the darkness of night, and plunge my dagger into his breast. With ferocious joy I would then imagine the despair of Liza. But first of all there are very few such romantic corners in O——, and then the log hedges, the lanterns, the police soldiers within every few steps. No, in such places, it is more befitting to trade with cakes and apples than to shed human blood. Among all such "means of release," as I termed my fancies, I thought also of speaking to Ojogin himself, to direct the notice of that nobleman to the dangerous position of his daughter and the sad consequences of light-mindedness. Once even I

broached this delicate subject to him, but I spoke in such vague and far-fetched terms that he listened to me for some time without understanding a word of what I said, and becoming tired of my mysticisms he arose suddenly, as if awakened from a heavy sleep, passed his hand over his face, sneezed, and left the room.

I need not add that in all these, my proceedings, I tried to persuade myself that I was acting without any egotism ; that I embraced only a cause of justice ; that, as a friend of the house, I was in duty bound to take care of its honor. But I must confess that even if Mr. Ojogin had not interrupted me so unceremoniously, I would not have had courage enough to tell him all that I had proposed to say.

Sometimes I would undertake to weigh the character of Prince N——, with the seriousness of a wise man of the ancient times. At other times I tried to persuade myself that the situation of the love affair was very trifling, that Liza would yet bethink herself that her sentiments for the prince were anything but real love. In short, I do not know of any thought that did not cross my mind at that time. Only one "means of release" never occurred to me, and that was suicide. It never entered my mind to kill myself. I cannot tell why I did not think of that. Maybe I had already the presentiment that I would not have to live long anyhow.

It is self-understood that under such disadvantageous circumstances my deportment, my communication with others became more unnatural and stiff than ever. Even the old Mrs. Ojogin, that half-idiotic individual, became, so to say, afraid of me ; she did not know from what side to approach me. Bizmenkoff, who was always courteous and obliging, tried to avoid me. I began to suspect that he was a fellow-sufferer of mine—that he

also was in love with Liza. But he never entered into conversation with me—never responded to my hints on this subject. The prince treated him in a very friendly way—almost respectfully. Neither Bizmenkoff nor I hindered the prince in his communication with Liza. But Bizmenkoff did not keep himself away from them; he did not look either like a wolf or like his prey, and willingly joined their company whenever he noticed that they desired it. It is true, he did not show any special gayety when he joined them, but that did not tell much on him, since he always had an air of quietness about him.

This state of affairs lasted for about a fortnight. The prince showed himself not only a man of discretion and of attractive appearance, but he was also very sociable in every way. He played the piano, sang with a very sonorous voice, could draw very good landscapes and pictures, and he also had the talent of narrating stories in a very pleasant manner. His anecdotes, all drawn from high life in the capital, always produced a great effect upon the hearers. The effect was the stronger on account of his way of telling them, in a light and easy manner, as not attaching any importance to what he narrated. In consequence of this little artifice, the prince became the idol of society at O——. It is generally very easy for a person of the higher circle of society to charm us provincials of the steppes.

The frequent visits that the prince paid the Ojogins (he spent there all his evenings), naturally aroused the envy of other dignitaries of the town; but, as a man of the world, he understood how to conciliate all the other officials and noblemen. He visited them by turns, had always a compliment for their ladies, and allowed himself to be stuffed with heavy meals and bad wines. In a

word, he deported himself excellently, courteously, and cleverly. He was in general, as I said before, a cheerful, sociable, and kind man ; such was his natural disposition, and here in O—— he had some reason to display his good qualities to the best advantage. It would be a great wonder if he had not succeeded in his designs.

Since the prince had arrived in O——, everybody in Ojogin's house found out that time passed with unusual rapidity. Everything was going on nicely and in the best order. Ojogin himself, although he professed not to notice anything, in silence with himself melted for pleasure at the anticipation of having such a son-in-law. The prince conducted his affair quietly and cautiously. But for one unexpected incident nothing would ever have become known.

I feel very tired now. I will continue to-morrow. These recollections aggravate me even at the brink of the grave. Terentievna has noticed to-day that my nose has become more pointed than it ever was. They say it is an evil omen.

March 27—Continued thaw.

The affair stood then in the following condition with relation to the concerned parties : the prince and Liza loved one another. The old Ojogins expected a happy termination of such a flattering connection of their daughter with the prince. Bizmenkoff was also present —nothing else could be said of him. I writhed like a worm in the dust, and made as many observations as I could. I imposed upon myself the task to save Liza from the snares of her charmer, and therefore I began to watch with suspicion the handmaid and the back-doors. At the same time I would sit up nights imagining the touching generosity with which I would extend my hand to the deceived girl, telling her, "A false-hearted rec-

reant has deceived you, but I am a true friend ; let us forget the past and be happy."

All of a sudden there was a rumor that the governor of the district proposed to give a ball in honor of the noble guest, in his own country seat, Gornostaevka. All the official dignitaries and nobility received invitations, from the governor of the town down to the apothecary. The latter was a German, with an unusually pimpled face, who made strong pretensions of speaking the Russian language correctly. He, therefore, was apt to use strong expressions on all occasions, as, for instance, "I be dis day the devil of a fellar !" and such like.

Great preparations had begun, as is the custom on such occasions. One cosmetic merchant sold no less than sixteen dark-bluish boxes of pomade, labelled "*à la jasmiene*," with French letters and Russian spelling. The young ladies furnished themselves with light dresses, merciless girdles to which there was something like a rat attached with a chain in the front. The mothers erected on their heads some threatening towers under the plea of hats. The overbusied fathers mustered their old horses that had lost the use of their hind legs.

The long-expected day arrived at last. I was among the number of invited guests. From the town of O—— to Gornostaevka is a distance of about ten *versts*. Mr. Ojogin offered me a seat in his carriage, but I refused to accept it. Thus a child which has been punished by his parents refuses to eat of the dishes he likes best, in order to avenge himself on them. Besides that, I felt that I would incommode Liza with my presence. Bizmenkoff took my seat. The prince went to the ball in his own carriage, which he had hired for a large sum.

I shall not attempt to describe the ball. Everything

required for such occasions was there—musicians with falsely-tuned brass instruments on the platform; landowners with their over-aged families; red ice-cream; yellow jelly; men with worn-out boots and with knotted cotton neckties; provincial dandies with nervous faces, etc., etc., and this whole little world revolved around its sun, the Prince N——.

Lost in the multitudes, unnoticed even by the old maids who had red pimples on their foreheads and blue flowers on their temples, I stood there with my eyes wandering from the prince to Liza, and from Liza to the prince. She was dressed in a lovely manner, and looked remarkably well that evening. The prince danced with her only twice during the whole evening, besides the grand ceremonial mazourka; but it was evident (to me, at least) that there existed some incessant secret communication between them all the time. He, not looking at her, not addressing her, seemed yet to speak to her, and to her alone. He was polite, gay, and even affectionate with others—for her sake. She, it seemed, felt that she was the queen of the evening and—of his heart. Her face expressed childlike happiness, innocent pride, and, at times, some other deep emotion. All these expressions were, so to say, blended in her whole appearance, and she appeared the very picture of felicity. I observed all this. It was not the first time for me to make observations. At first I conceived a feeling as though I were offended; subsequently I felt a pang of grief, and at last I became furious. Yes, I suddenly became very angry, and this feeling raised me in my own estimation, and I welcomed it with my whole heart.

"I shall show them I am not dead yet," I muttered to myself, and puffed up like a turkey.

As soon as the first stirring notes of the mazourka re-

sounded, I looked around with a cool and dignified air, and gracefully approached a maiden who was the owner of a long face, a red, glossy nose, an open mouth, and a long, muscular neck, reminding one of the handle of a contra-basso. With a polite bow and a chink with the heels of my boots, I asked her to dance with me. She wore a dress of pale-red color, which looked as though it had been sick and was not yet quite recovered. She looked as though she were saturated with the sour feeling of an old failure. The whole evening she had been sitting in her chair ; nobody thought of inviting her to dance. One youth of about sixteen years old once made a step toward her, evidently with the intention of inviting her, for want of another partner ; but he changed his mind and turned the other way. Now, it can easily be imagined how pleased she was with my invitation. I conducted her through the drawing-room, bearing myself proudly, found two chairs near the circle of the dancers, and sat down with her just opposite the prince and Liza.

Neither my lady nor I was troubled much with invitations, consequently we had time enough for conversation. It is true, my lady did not betray any special gift in that line ; she used her mouth for some strange kind of a smile, her lips and chin pressing downward while her eyes raised themselves upward, as though some invisible power extended her long face from within. But I needed not her conversational powers. I felt angry, and my partner did not make me feel timid—that was a blessing.

I began to criticise everybody and everything in the world, especially stigmatizing the young dandies of the capital, the Petersburgian good-for-nothing fellows. At last I went off so far that my lady, instead of raising her

eyes, commenced to look crosswise, and to twist her face in a queer manner, as if she had perceived, for the first time in her life, that she had a nose on her face. A provincial dandy, who sat near me, also glanced over several times to my side, and at last stared at me with the air of an actor who wakes up in a foreign region on the stage, as if he wanted to say, "Ah, you are also sailing in that direction."

In the earnest pursuit of my conversation, I did not, however, leave off observing the prince and Liza. They were both incessantly in the whirl of the dance, invited, alternately, by each of the participants. I did not suffer so much when I saw them together, dancing or chatting, with that rosy smile which is always to be seen on the faces of happy lovers; no, I did not suffer so much then as I suffered when I saw Liza in the whirl, and the prince sitting in his chair holding her blue silk shawl on his knees, and following her movements with thoughtful and sparkling eyes. Then, oh, then, I suffered the sharpest pangs, and uttered such forcible remarks in my anger that my partner's eyes became all sunken in her nose, so great was her astonishment.

By and by the mazourka was drawing to its close; they commenced the figure which is termed *La Confidente*. In this figure, a lady sits down in the circle and chooses another lady for her confidante, to whom she secretly mentions the name of a gentleman with whom she wishes to dance. Her partner brings the dancers to her, one after the other, and her confidante, standing at her side, refuses them until the chosen one is brought forward. Liza sat in the circle, and chose for a confidante the host's daughter, a girl of indifferent qualities. The prince began to search for the chosen one. In vain did he bring to her ten dancers, one after another; the con-

fidante bowed them off with a polite smile. At last he turned toward me. Something unusual passed within me at that moment; I twisted, so to say, with my whole frame. My first impulse was to refuse his invitation, but I did not do it; I followed him to Liza's chair. She did not even glance at me; her confidante made the sign of refusal. The prince, probably moved by my sad appearance, made to me a deep bow.

Liza's indifference, her refusal, transmitted to me by my happy rival with mock politeness and with a careless smile—all this produced a kind of explosion within me. I drew near to the prince and said, furiously:

"It seems you have the pleasure of laughing at me?"

He looked at me with astonishment and contempt, took me by the arm with an appearance as if he wanted to conduct me back to my seat, and asked, coolly:

"Who?—I?"

"Yes, you!" I retorted, in a whisper, following him to my seat; "you, my dear sir! And I do not intend to allow any worthless Petersburgian upstart—"

"I understand you," he interrupted me, with a smile of condescension; "I understand you, and we will speak about it afterward—here is not the place."

He left me and turned to Bizmenkoff as calmly and composedly as if nothing had happened. That pale-looking little gentleman proved to be the chosen one. Liza rose to meet him, and danced a round with him.

Taking my seat at my partner's side, I felt myself almost a hero. My heart was beating high, my breast expanded under the starched shirt-front; I breathed deep and fast, and all of a sudden bestowed such a haughty glance upon my neighbor, the dandy, that he became quite confused, and drew in his little foot, which was extended in a graceful position. Having thus paid

off that gentleman, I passed a glance around the whole circle of dancers. It appeared to me that two or three gentlemen looked at me with some curiosity ; but on the whole, my conversation with the prince had been noticed but very little. My rival was already sitting in his chair, with a very unconcerned air, and with the former smile on his face. Bizmenkoff had made his tour with Liza and conducted her back to her seat. She bowed to him very gracefully, and turned to the prince, it seemed to me somewhat agitated, asking him something. He answered her, laughing, and made a very graceful motion with his hand. He must have told her something very agreeable, for she blushed with pleasure, sank her eyes to the ground, and raised them again at him with an expression of reproach.

The heroic sentiment which sprang up in me so suddenly did not desert me for some time ; but I did not criticise any more : I only looked at my lady with a gloomy and dignified expression. She evidently began to be afraid of me, for she stuttered when she attempted to speak, and winked incessantly. When the mazourka was finished, I delivered the affrighted maiden back to the legitimate care of her mother, a stout woman with a yellow structure on her head by way of a head-gear. I then placed myself at the window, crossed my arms on my breast, and awaited the issue of things.

I had to wait for some time. The prince was surrounded by the family of the host and by some of the guests, just as England is surrounded by waters. Besides that, he could not come up to such an insignificant person as I was, without some reasonable plea, for fear he would arouse suspicion. My insignificance never afforded me more satisfaction than it did at that moment. When I saw him turning, now to one and now to another of the

highly respectable personages, who were all anxious to be noticed by him, I muttered, "Nonsense, my friend! You will come up to me, insignificant as I am. I contrived to offend you, though!"

At last he succeeded in ridding himself of the crowd of his admirers in a well-bred manner. He approached the place where I stood, passed me a few steps, cast a furtive glance around him, then turned back as if reminding himself of something, and came up to me, saying, with a smile:

"Ah, yes! Apropos, I have some little business to talk to you about."

Two gentlemen of the kind that never relinquish their hold of a person, who had followed the prince, stepped aside respectfully when they heard his remark; from the word "business" they inferred some official communication. The prince took me by the arm and conducted me into another room. My heart palpitated.

"You told me something insolent, I think," he said, putting the accent on the word "you," while he looked at me with contempt.

I must remark that his haughty air was very becoming to his beautiful features.

"I said what I thought," I rejoined, raising my voice.

"Hush!" he resumed, "respectable people never speak so loudly. You wish, perhaps, to measure arms with me?"

"That is *your* business," I answered, straightening my figure.

"If you do not take back your words I shall be compelled to challenge you."

"I do not intend to take any of my words back."

"Indeed?" he said with an ironical smile. "In such

a case, I shall have the honor of sending you to-morrow my second."

"Very well, sir!" I answered, as calmly as I could.

The prince made a slight bow.

"I cannot forbid you from considering me a worthless man," he said, with a haughty air; "but the princely family of N—— cannot be considered parvenues. Adieu, until to-morrow, Mister—Mister—Shtukaturin." He abruptly turned away from me and went to the host, who began to feel a little anxious already.

"Shtukaturin!" Why, my name is Chulkaturin! I was so confounded by this last insolence that I could not answer a word. I only followed him with a furious glance, and gnashing my teeth, I muttered:

"Until to-morrow."

I immediately went to find an acquaintance, a captain of a regiment of Uhlans—Kolobordiaeff by name—a very reckless and jolly old fellow. I informed him in a few words about my quarrel with the prince, and requested him to be my second. He, of course, did not refuse me this service, and I went home.

I could not sleep the whole night for agitation, but not on account of cowardly fear; I did not even think of the prospect of death before me. The Germans say that this is the greatest happiness in such cases. I thought only of Liza, of my lost hopes, and of how it was my duty to act.

"Shall I endeavor to kill the prince?" I asked myself.

Of course, I meant to do it, not for revenge, but for Liza's sake.

"But she will not survive the loss," I soliloquized again. "No, better let him kill me."

I must also confess that I felt highly gratified that

I, insignificant rustic, could compel such a high personage to fight with me for life and death.

In such reflections I spent the whole night, and with the first rays of the morning Kolobordiaeff entered my room.

"Well," he asked noisily, "where is the prince's second?"

"For mercy's sake," I answered, sullenly, "it is not seven o'clock yet. The prince, I suppose, is yet in bed."

"In that case," continued the merciless Uhlan, "order some tea for me. My head is aching yet from last evening. I did not even undress last night. However," he added, yawning, "I generally very seldom undress for the night."

Tea was brought for him. He drank six tumblers of it, mixed with rum. He told me that he had bought a horse yesterday, very cheaply, which no driver wanted to look at; that he intended to break the animal by means of tying up his front legs; and he fell asleep on the sofa, with a pipe in his mouth. I sat up and put my papers in order. One invitation card, the only note I had received from Liza, I placed at first in my bosom, but I reconsidered with a sneer, and threw the note in the basket. Kolobordiaeff was slightly snoring, his head was thrown a little backward on the leather cushion, and I contemplated for some time his disorderly, brown, careless and good-natured face. At ten o'clock my footman announced the arrival of Bizmenkoff. The prince had taken him for his second.

Bizmenkoff and I had considerable trouble in arousing the sleeping Uhlan. He got up and looked at us with a dull eye, asked for some brandy with water, in a hoarse voice; then he roused himself entirely, bowed to Biz-

menkoff, and went with him into another room for consultation. After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, they entered again my dormitory. Kolobordiaeff informed me that "we will fight to-day at three o'clock P.M., with pistols." I evinced my consent with a silent nod. Bizmenkoff took leave, and went immediately away. He looked somewhat pale and agitated, as persons generally look who take part in such affairs for the first time; but he behaved composedly and politely. I felt somewhat ashamed before him, and could not look him straight in the eyes.

Kolobordiaeff began again to talk about his new horse, and I was highly pleased with that, for I was afraid lest he should speak of Liza. But it was quite a gratuitous fear on my part; my good Uhlan was no gossiper; and besides that, he hated all women, and called them *salad*, heaven knows for what reason. At two o'clock we took our luncheon, and at three sharp we went to the field of action. It was the same place, near the declivity, where I had some time ago admired the crimson of the setting sun, together with Liza.

We were the first on the ground, but the other parties did not let us wait long. The prince appeared as fresh as a rose, bright and cheerful. He smoked a fine cigarette, and noticing Kolobordiaeff, he went up to him and shook hands with him very cordially. He also made a graceful bow to me. I, on the other hand, felt that I was very pale; my hands trembled slightly, to my greatest dissatisfaction; my throat was dry. Up to that time I had never fought a duel.

"I wish only that this satirical gentleman would not ascribe my discomfiture to cowardice!" was my only thought.

I cursed my weak nerves in my heart, but at last I

looked at the prince, and noticing his satirical smile, became angry, and my nervousness was allayed.

Our seconds, in the mean time, measured the distance, marked the limits, and loaded the pistols—that is, Kolobordiaeff performed all this work, and Bizmenkoff looked at him. The day was beautiful—not inferior to the day on which I had taken, with Liza, the memorable walk in this same place. The deep-blue sky looked just as soothingly through the yellowish foliage on which the golden rays of the sun were playing. The fresh air irritated my breast. The prince leaned against a young lime tree in a very graceful position, and calmly smoked his cigarette.

"Gentlemen, please take your positions," said Kolobordiaeff, handing us the pistols.

We took our positions. The prince stepped a few paces backward, and straightening himself, asked me:

"Do you not yet want to take your words back?"

I wished to answer him, but I could not utter a word. I only made a sign of refusal with my hand. He smiled again, and resumed his post. We commenced to step toward one another. I raised my pistol and aimed at my enemy's breast—at that moment he actually was my enemy—but the muzzle raised itself, as if somebody had pushed my arm. I fired. The prince staggered a step backward, and raised his hand to his left temple. A small vein of blood streamed over his white glove. Bizmenkoff came up hurriedly to assist him.

"Never mind," said the prince calmly, taking off his cap, which was shot through. "If in this place, and I am yet on my feet, the wound cannot be serious. It is only a scratch, I dare say."

He calmly drew out a fine silk handkerchief from his pocket and put it to his curls, which were all saturated

with blood. I looked at him dumbfounded, and did not move.

"You will please go to your post," said Kolobordiaeff to me, in an imperative tone.

"Shall the fight be continued?" he asked Bizmenkoff.

The latter did not answer; but the prince, still holding his handkerchief to his wound, and not even desiring to have the satisfaction of tormenting me a little on the fighting-ground, answered, with a smile, that the fight was finished, and fired off his pistol in the air. I almost cried for fury and annoyance. That man had annihilated me entirely; he had put me in the dust with his magnanimity. I wanted to object; I wanted to request him to fire at me; but he approached me extending his hand, and saying with the softest accent:

"Everything is forgotten between us, is it not?"

I glanced at the pale face, at the blood-soaked handkerchief, and lost all sense of individuality. Ashamed and confounded, I grasped his extended hand.

"Gentlemen," said the prince, turning to the seconds, "I hope that our little affair here will remain a secret."

"Of course!" exclaimed Kolobordiaeff; "but allow me, prince;" and he tied up the wound on his head.

The prince bowed to me once more before he left the ground, but Bizmenkoff did not even look at me. I went home with Kolobordiaeff, feeling myself morally dead. I was gloomy and silent.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the Uhlan. "You need not trouble yourself about his wound; there is not the slightest danger in it, and he will be able to dance to-morrow if he desires it. Or are you sorry that you did not kill him? Allow me to tell you, then, that

it would be a pity. He is an excellent fellow, and I would be sorry if you had made him bite the dust."

"But why did he spare me?" I moaned.

"Have you ever heard such nonsense? Uph! those authors!" exclaimed the Uhlan, shrugging his shoulders.

I cannot imagine how he hit upon the idea of calling me an author.

I shall not attempt to describe the torturing feelings I endured on the evening that succeeded the fatal duel. My self-love suffered extremely. Remorse and the conviction of my own foolishness tormented me fearfully.

"It was my own fault. I have inflicted this last destructive blow on myself," I muttered, pacing through my apartment. "The prince, wounded by my hand, has pardoned me. Liza is in his power now. There is nothing in the world that can save her from misfortune now."

I knew very well that the affair could not remain a secret, notwithstanding the last remark of the prince.

"He is not such a fool as not to take the best advantage of the sensation," I muttered again, in a fury.

But I was mistaken in the last remark. The whole town, it is true, knew on the next day all about the duel and about the cause of it; but it was not the prince through whom the thing became known. On the contrary, he tried to conceal it, and when he called on the Ojogins the next day, he had composed some story to account for his tied head, but found that they had already been informed of the real cause of it. I could not say whether Bizmenkoff had betrayed the secret, or whether it leaked out by some other means; I am certain, however, that Kolobordiaeff, that hearty, good Uhlan, did not speak about it. But it is no wonder; in a small town like O——, nothing can remain a secret.

It is easy to imagine how Liza accepted the prince after this catastrophe—how the whole family of Ojogin accepted him. As for me, I was looked at with contempt—I was repulsed as a maniac, as a jealous wretch; I was considered a cannibal, a bloodhound. Even the few friends I had avoided me like a man with a contaminating disease.

The city authorities proposed to the prince to inflict the hardest punishment on me; they insisted that they would make an example of me. Only the incessant and earnest intercession of the prince saved me from that misfortune. Fate ordained it so that this man should annihilate me on all points. His last magnanimous action was, so to say, the last stone thrown on the grave of my moral existence. I need not add here that the Ojogins' house was henceforth closed for me. The old man sent me back an old pencil which I had forgotten at his house. Properly speaking, Ojogin had the least cause of being angry with me. My "insane jealousy," as they termed it, had explained and defined the nature of the prince's relation to Liza. He was henceforth regarded as almost the suitor of Liza, by the Ojogins themselves as well as by all others. The prince, I dare say, did not like this new aspect of affairs, but he liked Liza, and at that time he had not yet achieved his object.

With the cleverness of a man of the world, the prince adapted himself to his new situation. He entered, so to say, into the spirit of his new rôle. And I—I waved my hand with despondent resignation at my whole future.

When the suffering of a man becomes so intense that his whole being is becoming crushed under its weight, the ridiculous part of that suffering ought to end at that point, at least; the laugh of scorn, so to say, accom-

panying suffering, ought to be silenced. But such is not the case. Laughter is the companion of tears to the end; ay, the peals of laughter continue ringing even when there are no more tears to be shed—when the tongue of the sufferer is no longer capable of uttering complaint—when the very object of suffering is writhing in its last agonies.

Feeling very exhausted now, and having no desire to appear ridiculous to myself, I shall delay the continuation of my story until to-morrow. I shall finish it entirely, God permitting.

March 29—*A light frost.* (*Yesterday was a thaw.*)

I could not write my diary yesterday. I was lying in bed the whole day, chatting with Terentievna. There is a woman for you! Sixty years ago she buried her first suitor, who died of cholera. Since that time she has outlived her husband, carried all her children to the grave, and she is now inexcusably old. She drinks tea the whole day, eats with the best appetite, and is comfortably dressed and snugly lodged; and of what do you think did she speak the whole day? I gave away an old moth-eaten fur-collar to another old woman, who has not a person in the world to take care of her. She wanted that rag for a vest (she wears jackets which look like vests). Now my Terentievna envied her that trifling thing; why did not I give her that collar? "Is it not a sin for you, master dear, to treat me like this? Have not I nursed you with my breast? Have not I brought you up in my lap? Oh-o-o, master dear, I have never expected such treatment at your hands!" etc., etc. The merciless woman thus worried me the whole day with reproaches. But let me resume my narrative.

And so I suffered like a dog whose hind part has been run over by a carriage. Only after I had been turned out of Ojogin's house, I perceived how much pleasure a person can derive from the sight of his misfortune. Oh, human kind is truly a miserable race. But let us leave aside all philosophical observations. I spent my days in perfect solitude. I could obtain information of what was going on in Ojogin's house, or what the prince was doing, only by the most indirect and scurvy means. My footman had made the acquaintance of a second cousin of the wife of Ojogin's driver; this acquaintance was a source of some comfort for me. By means of small presents and slight hints received at my hand, the footman understood about what subject he had to speak to his master when he was undressing him at night.

Sometimes I met in the street one of Ojogin's family, or Bizmenkoff, or the prince himself. With the latter I exchanged compliments, but never entered into conversation. Liza I have seen only three times, and, of course, I never had the courage to approach her. Once I saw her in a store with her mother. She had been ordering some dresses and very busily selecting laces. Her mother stood with her hands folded on the stomach, her nose raised in the air, and looking upon her daughter with that foolish smile which is excusable only in mothers who love their children with adoration. The second time I saw Liza in a carriage with her parents and the prince. The old Ojogins were sitting in the rear of the carriage, Liza with the prince on the front seat. I shall never forget how she looked at that time. She was a little paler than usual; two feverish red spots played on her cheeks. She sat half turned to the prince, her head reclined on her hand, which was leaning with the elbow on her knee. In her left hand she held a parasol.

Her expressive eyes were fixed on the prince's face. In that moment she gave herself up entirely to him. I could not well notice how he looked, but it seemed to me that he was deeply affected.

The third time I saw her in a church. It was about ten days after I had seen her in the carriage, about three weeks after the duel. The prince's business at O—— had been finished for some time, but he delayed his departure and wrote to St. Petersburg that he could not return on account of sickness. In the town everybody expected that he would propose to Liza; I, too, waited for this last blow in order to depart from O—— afterward. I had become sick of that place. I could not stay in the house, and roamed about the whole day in the suburbs of the town. Once, on a cloudy and dull day returning home from my ramble, I was overtaken by the rain and entered a church. The afternoon service had just begun; the attendance in the church was very small. I looked around and noticed a familiar profile at a window. At the first glance I could not discern who it was. That pale face, that dim, extinguished eye —good God! is that Liza? Yes, Liza it was. Wrapped in a mantle, without a hat, she stood in the niche of the window, the bleak light streaming on her pale face, her eyes fixed on the imagery of the holy screen: and it seemed as though she were trying to pray, or endeavoring to rouse herself from a heavy dream. Her red-faced little footman stood behind her at a respectful distance and looked at his mistress with sleepy, wondering eyes.

I trembled in all my limbs at the sight of her. I desired to approach her, but had no courage to do it. A heavy presentiment oppressed my heart. The service was over; she did not move. The janitor commenced to

sweep the church ; she did not notice him. At last, the footman went up to her and whispered something in her ear. She looked around, passed pensively her hand over her forehead, and left the church. I followed her at a distance until she entered the house. "She is lost!" I exclaimed as soon as I entered my solitary apartment.

Upon my honor, I could never find out what was the nature of my feeling at that time. I remember only that I had thrown myself on the sofa and fixed my eyes on the floor and remained in that position for several hours. In the midst of the most oppressive sentiments I perceived some feeling of satisfaction. I would not confess it for the world if I were not writing for my own self. A very sad presentiment filled my heart, and, who knows, I might perhaps have felt disappointed if that presentiment had not been fulfilled. "Such is the heart!" would exclaim here a Russian school-teacher, raising his fat hand in the air and displaying a carnelian ring on his plump finger. But what do I care for the school-teacher with his carnelian ring?

However, my presentiments proved to be correct. A rumor spread suddenly in the town that the prince had departed for St. Petersburg. He did not propose for Liza's hand, and the poor girl was left to weep all her lifetime on account of his treachery. His departure was quite unexpected (they said that he had received despatches from the capital); the evening before, his own footman did not know that he was going to leave—at least my servant told me so. This rumor threw me into a perspiration. I immediately dressed myself and ran off to the Ojogins' ; but on my way I bethought myself that it would be better if I delayed my visit until the next day. I did not lose anything by this delay. The same evening a certain Mr. Pandapipalo, a travelling

Greek, who had settled in O—— by accident, a gossiper of the first magnitude, and who was the first one to break out in the most violent indignation against me for my duel with the prince, came to my house in a hurry. He burst into my room without allowing my footman the time to announce him, caught me by the hand and squeezed it with the greatest cordiality. He begged my forgiveness, made many apologies for the injustice of his conduct toward me, called me the ideal of bravery and magnanimity, spoke of the prince in the worst terms, did not forget to make a few bitter remarks at the expense of Mr. Ojogin, who, according to his opinion, had received just punishment at the hands of Providence, touched Liza with a remark or two, and kissing me on the shoulder hurried away before I could speak a word. Among many other things, I have been informed that on the day previous to the departure of the prince, Ojogin gave him some slight hints about matrimony; but he answered calmly, *en vrai grand seigneur*, that he never intended to deceive anybody; that he did not intend to marry so soon; and thus he left them in the cold.

The next day I called on Ojogin. His weak-eyed footman jumped up when he saw me entering. I ordered him to announce me. I was requested to step into Ojogin's apartment.

Until to-morrow.

March 30—*A frost.*

And so I entered Mr. Ojogin's apartment. I would give anything to the person who could show me my picture as it was at that moment, when the honorable, distinguished officer hastily buttoned up his dressing-gown and came to meet me with extended arms. I felt as if I had been transformed into a Scipio Africanus. There must have been an air of silent triumph, magnanimous

condescension, and sympathy about me. The old man appeared careworn and confused ; he tried to avoid my eyes, and changed color. I noticed also that he spoke somewhat louder than usual, and expressed himself in very vague terms. But, with true sincerity, he begged my pardon. He added a few indefinite remarks about the departed guest, about deceit of man, and instability of earthly happiness. A tear was gathering in his eye when he made this remark, but he hastened to take a pinch of snuff, in order to deceive me about the cause of that tear. He used the green Russian snuff, which brings tears even to the eyes of old men, and makes them look dull for several minutes.

I treated the old man with consideration, of course, asked about the health of Mrs. Ojogin and her daughter, and turned the conversation on the very interesting legal topic of "transferring property by means of verbal declaration." I was dressed as usual, but the sentiments of indulgent sympathy and condescending grace made me feel light and fresh, as if I had a white summer suit on me. The prospect of meeting Liza, however, made me feel a little agitated. Ojogin proposed at last to take me to his wife. That good but simple lady became quite confused when she saw me ; but her brain was not formed to retain an impression very long, and so she soon cooled off. At last I saw Liza.

She entered her mother's apartment, where we had been sitting. I had expected to meet in her a humiliated and repentant sinner, and tried beforehand to assume the softest and most encouraging expression. Why shall I conceal it ? I really loved that woman, and was anxious to forgive her and to extend my hand to her. But how great was my surprise when, in answer to my

polite salute, she began to laugh very composedly, remarked, in a careless manner, "Ah, is that you?" and turned away to the other side. It is true her laugh appeared to be forced from her; it did not, by any means, correspond with her pallid features; but I did not expect such a greeting at her hand.

I looked at her with astonishment. What a change there was in her whole appearance! What a difference between the pure child I had known a few weeks before, and the woman who now stood before me! She looked as though she had grown taller and straighter; the lines of her face, especially her lips, had become sharper; her look had become deeper, harder, and had assumed a piercing, sad expression. I remained at the Ojogins' until dinner-time. She very calmly went in and out of the room, answered coolly to all questions that were put to her, and purposely avoided taking notice of me. She desired to show me—I understood it well—that I did not deserve even her anger, although I had nearly killed her lover. I could not master myself any longer; I dropped some venomous remarks. She was startled, cast a furtive glance at me, arose from her seat, and, placing herself near the window, she said, with a trembling voice.

"You may say whatever you please, but I wish you to understand that I loved that man; I love him still, and will love him forever. I do not consider him unjust toward me; on the contrary—"

Her voice failed her; she stopped; she made an effort to master herself, but in vain; tears gushed forth from her eyes, and she left the room. The old Ojogins became confused. I arose, shook hands with them, sighed, raised my eyes to the ceiling, and left the house.

I am very weak. There is not much time left me. I am no more able to describe with the preceding accuracy

the new range of tantalizing thoughts and feelings, the new resolutions I adopted, and the other fruits of the mental strife I underwent after I had renewed my acquaintance with the Ojogins. I had no doubt that Liza loved, and would continue to love, the prince, and as a man who had been humiliated by circumstances, and who had learned to resign to his fate, I did not even dream any more of being beloved by Liza. My heart yearned only for her friendship ; I desired only to gain her confidence and respect, which they say are the strongest pillars that uphold married life. But, unfortunately, one prominent circumstance escaped my notice ; Liza could not bear the sight of me since my duel with the prince ; I became aware of it too late.

I began again to visit the Ojogins. The old man was very affable with me ; he befriended me more than he ever had done before. I have good reasons to believe that he would have been very glad to give his consent that I should marry his daughter, although I was not such a good suitor. Public opinion was very much against him and Liza, and very eloquent in my favor. Liza's deportment toward me did not change. She was mostly silent, and performed patiently everything she was required to do. She did not betray any sign of inward trouble, but she looked worse and more careworn every day. Mr. Ojogin—this justice is due him—treated her with great consideration. Mrs. Ojogin did nothing but groan every time she looked at her darling daughter. Only one person Liza did not keep out of the way of—although she did not encourage him too much either—and that person was Bizmenkoff. The old Ojogins treated him unkindly, even roughly : they could not excuse him for having acted as a second in my duel with the prince ; but he seemed not to notice their ill-

favor, and continued his visits. Toward me he behaved coldly, and, strange to say, he seemed to be afraid of me.

Such a state of affairs continued for about two weeks. At last once, after a sleepless night, I resolved to explain myself to Liza, to open my heart to her, and to tell her that, regardless of all that had passed, notwithstanding all the slander and talk of the world, I would consider it my greatest happiness if she would consider me worthy of her trust and confidence. I honestly thought that I would thus show an example of great nobility, and that she, in admiration of such conduct on my part, would consent to my request without hesitation. "At any rate," I said to myself, "let me have an explanation with her, and thus make an end of my uncertain position."

In the rear of Mr. Ojogin's house there was a spacious garden, with a very neglected grove of linden trees at the other end. Liza used to walk around in that garden the whole day. Mr. Ojogin did not allow anybody to disturb her. "Let her grief ferment out," he used to say. If she was not in the house when she was wanted, it was only necessary to ring the bell on the veranda, and Liza was sure to appear, with the demure silence and thoughtfulness on her lips and in her eyes; at times with a faded leaf or broken reed in her hand. One afternoon, noticing that she was not in the house, I took leave of the old folks, left the house by the front door, stole back through an entrance in the rear, and went into the garden without being noticed.

Without much thinking, I directed my steps toward the grove. Before me on the path stood Liza. My heart was palpitating; I stopped to draw breath before I approached her. She did not notice me, and looked wistfully into the distance. Suddenly she turned

around and began to listen. Two raps were heard in the distance; Liza clasped her hands by way of response. There was a creak of the gate in the rear of the garden, a slight noise among the bushes of the grove, and Bizmenkoff appeared in the walk. I hid myself behind a tree. Liza turned silently to the new-comer, he took her by the arm, and they went along the path. I followed their motions with astonishment. They stopped, looked around, and entered the arbor.

That arbor was a round little edifice, with a small door on one side, and a very small window on the other. In the middle of it was a table with two rustic benches near it, at some distance from the wall. Everything in the arbor was dusty, the walls looked humid, and there was even some grass springing up between the split boards of the table. Perhaps, once or twice a year, on an unusually hot summer day, the family used to take their tea in that bower, and it was in a very neglected state. The door did not close, and the little window-sash was hanging on one hinge, and looking as sad as the broken wing of a sick bird. I stealthily went up to the arbor and looked into the window. Liza sat on a bench, with her head reclined, her right hand lying carelessly on her lap. Bizmenkoff sat near her, holding her left hand in both of his, and looking into her face with emotion.

"How do you feel to-day, Elizabetta Kirrilovna?" he asked in a whisper.

"Just the same," she answered; "neither better nor worse. A blank, a gaping hollowness," she added, raising her sad eyes.

Bizmenkoff did not make any remark.

"What do you think, Bizmenkoff?" she resumed, "is he going to write me another letter?"

"I do not think he will, Elizabetta Kirrilovna," was the reply.

A pause.

"Indeed, why should he write to me?" she said, somewhat warmly. "He told me everything in his first letter. I cannot become his wife, but I was happy; only for a short time, it is true—but I was happy!

Bizmenkoff made a grimace.

"Oh," she continued, warmly, "if you knew how I hate that Chulkaturin! It seems to me I always see on the hands of that man his blood" (a cold chill ran over my whole frame). "However," she continued, thoughtfully, "who knows? It may be that, if not for that duel! Alas! when I saw him wounded I felt immediately that I was all his own."

"Chulkaturin loves you," remarked Bizmenkoff.

"Now, what of it? Do I need anybody's love—except yours?" she added, after a moment's reflection. "Yes, my friend, I could not exist without your love. I would be lost without you. You have helped me to bear the most fearful moments."

She stopped. Bizmenkoff patted her hand with a kind of paternal tenderness.

"What can be done? What can be done, Elizabetta Kirrilovna?" he repeated several times with the deepest sympathy.

"Yes, even now," she continued, with a depressed voice, "I would, perhaps, die without you. It is you alone who upholds my spirit. And, besides that, you remind me of him. You have known everything, have you not? Do you remember how well he looked on that day? But excuse me, it must be hard for you to hear such things."

"Speak on, Elizabetta Kirrilovna, speak on. Gracious heaven, what makes you think that it is hard for me?"

She squeezed his hand.

"You are very kind, Bizmenkoff, you are as good as an angel. What shall I do? I feel that I shall love him all my life. I pardoned him: nay, I am thankful to him, I bless him. May God bless him with a wife to suit him and make him happy." Her eyes filled with tears. "Only let him not forget me, let him think sometimes of his poor, forlorn Liza. Let us go out of this place," she added, after a pause.

Bizmenkoff kissed her hand.

"I know," she resumed, energetically, "that everybody speaks against me now; they are all throwing stones after me. Let them. I would not yet change with them. No, I would not give my misfortune for their happiness. He loved me, for a short time, it is true, but he did love me. He never deceived me. He never promised to marry me, and I never expected him to do it, either. It was only my poor father who expected such a thing. Neither am I quite unhappy now. There are at least recollections left for me, no matter how frightful the consequences in prospect. It is so close here. Here I have seen him the last time. Come out with me in the fresh air."

They arose from their seats. I hid myself again behind a linden tree. They left the bower, and, as nearly as I could judge by the noise of the leaves, they walked among the shrubs. An inexplicable amazement overwhelmed me; I stood like one petrified for some time. Suddenly I heard them come again. I cautiously peeped through the branches. They both seemed to be a little agitated, especially Bizmenkoff, who was weeping. Liza

stopped, looked into his face, and, extending her hand to him said, in a clear voice :

"I agree to it, Bizmenkoff. I would never accept your offer if I thought that you desire only to save me, to deliver me from my frightful position. But I know you love me—you knew everything, and you love me still. I will never find a more reliable and sincere friend than you. I shall be your wife."

Bizmenkoff kissed her hand. She smiled sadly, and went into the house. Bizmenkoff disappeared in the thicket, and I went home. As he had probably told Liza just what I had intended to tell her, and as she had answered him that which I wished to hear from her, there was nothing more for me to do. Two weeks afterward they were married. The Ojogins were glad to find any suitor for her.

Now, for mercy's sake, am I not a superfluous man ? Have not I played in this affair the part of a superfluous man ? The prince,—his rôle everybody can understand. Bizmenkoff's part can also be easily explained. But I ! For what purpose have I been mixed up in that affair ? What a miserable rôle of a fifth wheel to the wagon have I played here. Oh, I feel miserable ! Well, as the serfs say, once and once again—one day—another day, and I will not feel any more, either bad or good.

March 31.

It is bad. I am writing now in my bed. The weather has changed since yesterday. To-day it is a perfect summer day ; it is very hot. The air is pregnant with the smell of humid earth—a strong, offensive, almost suffocating smell. It seems as if everything were melting, falling asunder, dissolving. The fog rises

all over. The sun, so to say, strikes with its rays. I feel bad. I am dissolving.

I had intended to write a diary, and what have I done instead of that? I have narrated one event of my life. I have become so garrulous, memories of the past have awakened within me, and have engaged my whole mind. I have described everything so circumstantially, with such careful minuteness, as though I had yet an age to live. Now I have no more time to write. Death is coming. I hear already its terrible crescendo: "Time is up! Time is up!" Well, and what is the evil? Would there be any difference if I had written something else? All the worldly distinctions vanish in the sight of death. I feel that I am becoming calmed, simplified, and clearer than I was before. I come to my mind too late.

How strange! I am becoming calmed, and yet I feel affrighted! Yes, I feel affrighted. Half inclined over the silent, gaping chasm, I am trembling, turning away from it, and contemplating everything around with eager attention. Every object seems doubly dear unto me. I cannot look enough at my poor, sad domicile. I breathe a farewell to each spot on the wall. Enjoy yourself for the last time, my eyes, that are soon to be closed! Life is becoming extinguished. It is silently and gradually disappearing from me, just like the coast from the mariner on a floating vessel. The old, yellow face of my nurse, tied up with a dirty handkerchief; the steaming tea-kettle on the table; the geraniums on the window; my poor dog Tresor; the pen with which I am writing; my own thin arm,—I see you all! Here you are all; here. Shall I, perhaps this very day, desist from seeing you forever? It is very difficult for a living being to part with life! Why do you fawn around me,

my poor dog? Why do you press yourself to my bed, nervously wagging your bushy tail, your sad, kind eyes fixed on me? Are you sorry for me? Do you feel or know that your master is soon to be no more? Oh, if I could only pass my mind on all my memories, as I pass my eye on all objects around me! I know that all those memories are cheerless and insignificant, but I have no others. It is all bleak. "A gaping hollow," as Liza said.

O my God! I am dying now! A heart which is able and wishing to love, will soon cease beating! And shall it actually thus be silenced forever, without having tasted a single drop from the cup of happiness? Without ever having expanded itself at the sweet breath of love? Alas, it is impossible, I know! If now, at least before my death (why, death is anyhow a solemn thing; it glorifies everybody)—if now, I say, some sad, dear, and friendly voice would sing over me some farewell song, about my own gloomy fate, I might yet become reconciled with it; but to die in such ignominy, so foolishly!

I think I was raving just now. Farewell, life! Farewell, my garden! And you, my linden trees, when summer comes do not fail to cover yourself with verdure and flowers, from top to bottom. Let people enjoy resting in your cool shadow, inhaling your fragrance, and listening to the rustling of your leaves. Farewell, farewell forever! Farewell, Liza!

I wrote down the last two words and almost broke out laughing. It is a stage exclamation. I appear to myself as if I were composing a sentimental story or writing a desperate message. To-morrow is the first of April. Shall I actually die to-morrow? It seems so disrespectful. It concords with my character, though.

How excited the physician was to-day.

April 1.

It is finished now; life is finished. I will actually die to-day. It is so hot, so suffocating, or, it may be, my lungs refuse to breathe. My little comedy is played out—the curtain is dropping.

After dissolution I will cease to be superfluous.

Oh, how bright the sun is! His mighty rays bear the seal of eternity. Farewell, Terentievna! This morning she was weeping as she sat near the window. Maybe she is sorry for me, or she thought, perhaps, of the end of her own life, which is not far. I made her promise me that she would not kill Tresor.

I cannot write any more. I shall drop my pen. Time is up! Death does not announce itself any more like an increasing storm, or like a carriage rolling up the street in the stillness of night; it is here, hovering over me like the soft breath at which the prophet's hair stood up like nails.

I am dying now. May the living live,

> "And may around the grave I enter
> Young life with relish play,
> And nature, grand and unconcerned,
> Eternal charms display."

[Editorial Note.—Under the last line of the manuscript there was drawn a profile of a head with a long bunch of hair and an extravagant mustache. The eye of that caricature was drawn *en face*, and surrounded by a number of straight lines instead of the brow. At the end of the page the following words were written:

"Dis bouck. Bedd.
And not likin' the same,
Peter Zubotoshin,
M M M M
My dear sir, Peter Zubotoshin,
My very dear sir."

But as the handwriting of these lines was different from that of the whole manuscript, the editor presumes to draw the conclusion that those lines have been added by another person after the author's death. We also have reliable information that Mr. Chulkaturin actually died on the evening of the first of April, 18— in his own hamlet, Ovechiy Voda.]

THE END.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

Turgenieff was very felicitous in the invention of names for the principal characters and objects of his narratives. In the two sketches of this book the significance of the following names are of interest :

Khvost is equivalent to "Tail."

Ovechiy Voda, sheep water, *i.e.*, a river so diminished that sheep can wade through it.

Chulkaturin, from *Chulok*, a stocking; the formation of the word implies "a large, inflated stocking."

Ojogin (pronounced Ozhogin), burned out or singed ; scorched.

Zubotoshin, one who whets or scales his teeth ; who makes mien to bite everything ; to criticise.

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THE MOLT, SALCOMBE, KINGSBRIDGE, DEVONSHIRE, August 22, 1883.

REV. DAVID H. WHEELER, D. D., Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.

DEAR SIR: Your volume has reached me. For your kind and charitable account of my individual self, I can only thank you. You pass over my innumerable faults, and you graciously make the most of such merits as you suppose yourself to find. I thank you particularly for what you say of the publication of Carlyle's memoirs. When I complete my account of him I can look confidently to a verdict in my favor; but, meanwhile, I have a bad time of it. But I will not enter further on a subject which you show you fully understand. And now accept my assurance of the gratification with which I have seen the image of myself which your mirror reflects, and believe me, yours faithfully.

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